

SALUTING AMERICA'S DESERT STORM HEROES

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN



02242

JULY 1991

FIRE FIGHTING:

THE MOST HAZARDOUS
PROFESSION OF ALL

GULF WAR DISGRACE:

HOW G.I.s WERE
DENIED FREEDOM TO
WORSHIP

HIT MAN'S HOLIDAY:

SANCTIONED BY
THE POLICE;
PAID FOR BY THE
TAXPAYER

OUR NEW PATRIOTS:

NATIONAL
PRIDE IS
BACK IN
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IRAQ AND A
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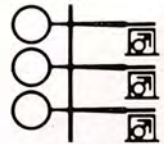
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Our cover features Lacey, who was photographed by Earl Miller. Her pictorial appeared in our July 1990 issue.

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HOMAGE TO VINCENT VAN GOGH

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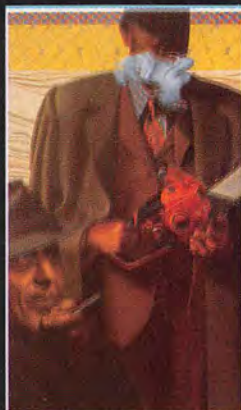
HOUSECALL

This special Fourth of July issue salutes the rebirth of pride that has swept the country in the wake of Operation Desert Storm.



The New Patriotism

In a rousing yet thoughtful essay, **Eric Breindel**, the distinguished editorial-page editor of the *New York Post*, discusses why the sense of national renewal that defines America's 215th birthday is both unique and vitally important to our country's destiny. "The American Dream," he writes, "is alive and well. It is real and constant—it is not a myth, and it is not a happy piece of distant history." Breindel, who recently won the prestigious national Sigma Delta Chi Award from the Society of Professional Journalists for editorial writing, illustrates his thesis, not by simply counting our national blessings, but by showing how free speech and dissent—two cornerstones of America's unique heritage—are constantly under attack. As we head into the twentieth century's final decade, he calls on the American people to



summon a sensible patriotism that combines gratitude and pride with an eternal vigilance to safeguard our precious freedoms. . . . In fact, one of our most important rights—the freedom of worship—was severely compromised right in the heart of the same Operation Desert Storm that has brought forth our new-found pride. **Arnold Forster**, who has battled for religious and civil liberties for over 50 years, shows how the government denied GIs the right to worship in a craven attempt to kowtow to some of our "allies." "Our armed forces were fighting and dying for Saudi Arabian freedom while its feudal ruler was arrogantly suppressing theirs," Forster writes. "It now remains for our Defense Depart-



ment to assure that it will never again submit its proud fighting men and women to the imposed fanaticism of foreign powers, laboring under sixteenth-century prejudices, that need our help to survive."

Deadly Jobs

The need to survive is also what being a fire fighter is all about—constantly fighting to save the lives of victims, as well as your own. Being a fireman in the United States is, according to those who gather such statistics, the most hazardous job of all, and **Laurence Gonzales** continues our series on dangerous professions with an on-the-scene report that brings readers right into the deadly flame and smoke that are daily occupational hazards for these heroes. . . . When Mafia assassin **Peter Gilbert** realized that *his* dangerous profession was getting a little too deadly

for his taste, he managed to convince law-enforcement authorities in Rhode Island to bail him out. But instead of providing vital state's evidence, Gilbert took the taxpayers for an unbelievable ride costing hundreds of thousands of dollars. **Edward Kiersh** tells the story of this "Hit Man's Holiday" in an outrageously amusing postmortem of one of the greatest police scandals of our time.

Fireworks

Our Independence Day fete is marked by the celebratory contributions of many *Penthouse* regulars, including National Affairs Editor **William R. Corson**, who reminds recent veterans not to forget the lessons cruelly learned by those equally brave soldiers who fought in Vietnam, who sacrificed so much and were abused for so long. . . . On a lighter side, join our most *ir*-regular Humor Editor **Bill Lee**, who has assembled several of our top cartoonists to remind the world that when you're "Between Iraq and a Hard Place," the pursuit of happiness is the most delectable freedom of all. And who better to join in the pursuit than our own special July Pets . . . those most delectable beauties, whose blazing glory will continue to the heavens long into the summer. ☺



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PENTHOUSE FORUM

A Note to a Friend

I'm writing this letter to let someone very special know that I am always thinking of her. I was at a pool party at a friend's house when my girlfriend introduced us. I tried to keep my cool—and my eyes on her face—as Valeria took off her T-shirt and shorts. She had beautiful legs and an incredible ass to go along with her shoulder-length brown hair and hypnotic green eyes. Her strapless top couldn't hide her ample chest. Little did I know that later on I would see those tits free of their restraint.

We became good friends over the next several months. Then one day she gave all her friends the news that she was moving back home, only an hour away, but still too far. Before she left, my girlfriend invited her over for dinner. The three of us sat and talked till midnight. When Valeria was ready to leave, my girl said that she was tired and asked if I would mind leaving, too. I walked Valeria to her car, and she said she would like to talk with me privately—at her apartment.

I met her there and we sat on the couch sipping brandy, chatting about how our friendship had bloomed and how it was growing toward something special. I looked into her emerald eyes and knew that I had to kiss her—and that she wanted to kiss me. Soon we were lying on the couch kissing like long-lost lovers. As my hand slid under her shirt, she leaned forward, offering me the feel I'd wanted for so long. I gently squeezed her nipples as

her hands ran over my chest and stomach. From the silky skin of her breasts, my hand roamed under her skirt to her incredible ass, slowly sliding inside her soft panties. The wet pussy in my hand equaled the hard cock in hers, and I knew we were both desiring the same delicious dessert.

We spent three hours necking on the couch, our clothes never coming completely off. It was the most incredibly erotic night of my life and I would not have wanted it any other way. But I do want Valeria to know that I'm always thinking of that night and hope someday we can continue where we left off.—*Name and address withheld*

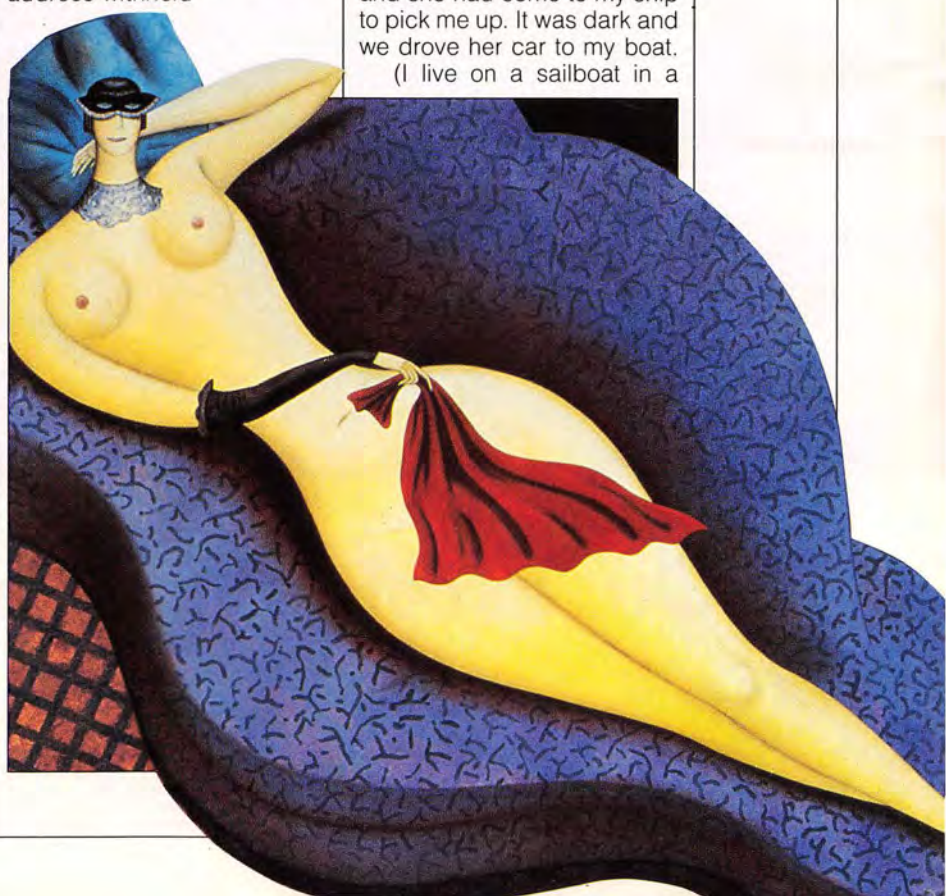
Dreams Afloat

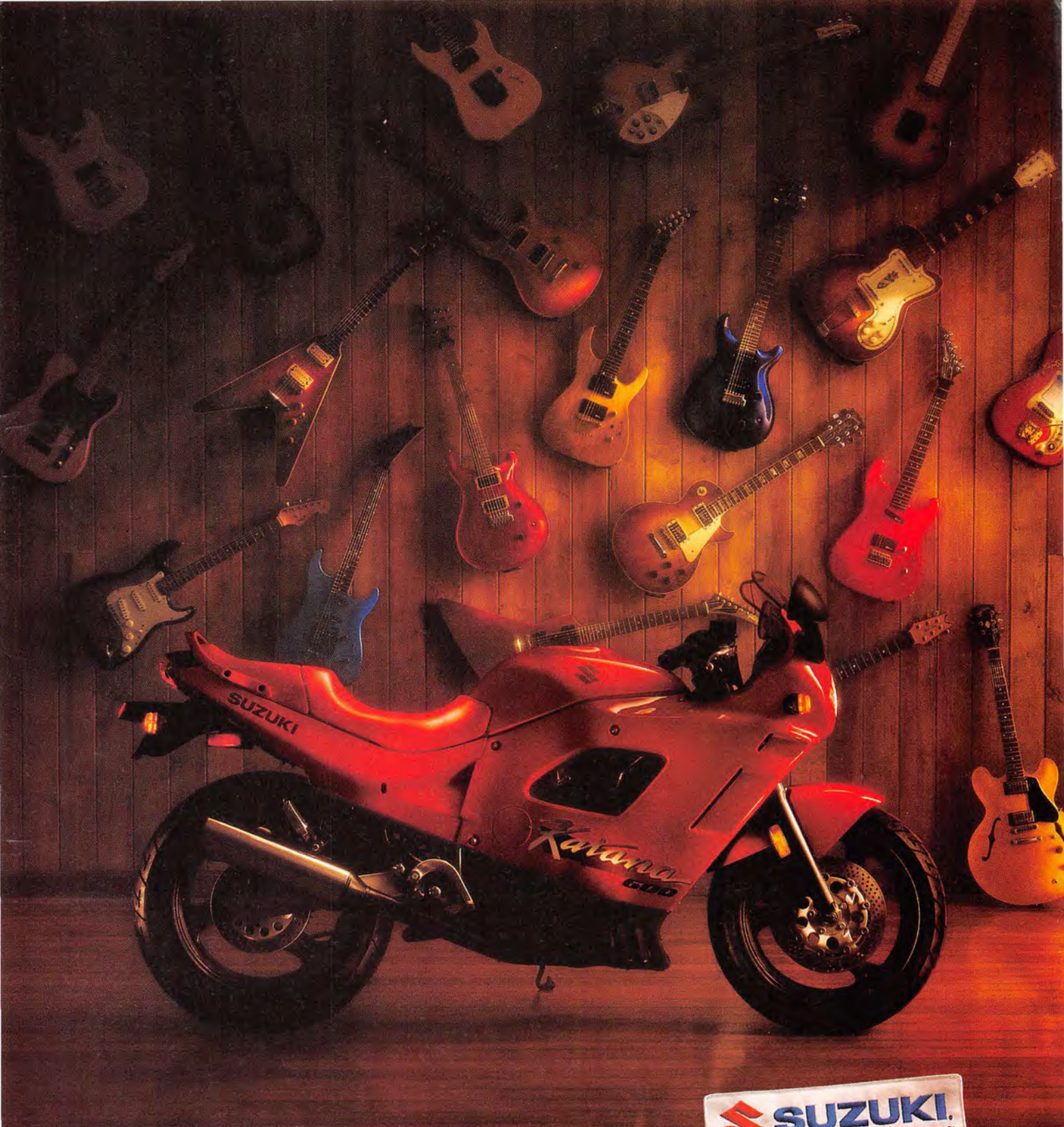
I am presently stationed on board a navy ship in the Persian Gulf. We've been under way now for 94 days, and about the only thing you can do out here is work and dream. I would like to share a dream I had the other night.

My girlfriend Chi is from Korea. We've dated now for almost two and a half years, and I plan to marry her upon my return to the States. She is small, about five foot one and around 95 pounds. Her jet-black hair hangs past her hips, and she has a cute little body that I miss like hell.

I dreamed that I had returned from the Persian Gulf and she had come to my ship to pick me up. It was dark and we drove her car to my boat.

(I live on a sailboat in a





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(U.S. edition)

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JULY

marina.) I parked the car in the lot, and since there were no other cars around, we sat in the quiet with the radio on. I leaned over and started kissing her, telling her I had dreamed of making love to her almost every night.

She was wearing one of my favorite dresses, which buttons down the front. As I kissed her, I opened each button, exposing her lacy bra. I remembered how much I'd wanted to caress her breasts, and then unhooked her bra without another thought. It fell open, revealing her creamy tits. They heaved with each breath she took. I gently caressed them while passionately kissing her. She told me how many times she'd dreamed of making love. It was like we could read each other's mind.

As we kissed I gently massaged her inner thighs, knowing how much she likes that. I reached down and removed her panties. They were silk, barely big enough to cover her pubic mound. I kissed and sucked her nipples while my hand explored her moist pussy. I couldn't stop myself when I heard her soft moan. I had to have a taste, a smell, a piece of heaven.

I reached around her and reclined her seat. Then I leaned back so I could enjoy the full view of her lying there with her dress fully undone. Her whole body lay exposed, accented by the lights in the parking lot.

As my tongue explored every part of her, I could hear her deep breathing, punctuated by an occasional gasp. She was moaning and telling me how much she needed me. Suddenly, she lifted and arched her back and held me firmly by the hair, pushing me even deeper inside her. I could hardly breathe. Finally, she went limp. I could feel the rush of cunt juice that her orgasm produced. She was so wet, but I tried to lick up every bit. I didn't want to waste a single drop of her precious nectar.

She pulled me up her body and hungrily kissed me—she was like a tiger. She undid my shirt, then unzipped my pants and pulled them to my knees. I watched her massage my cock through my underwear. Finally, she ripped them off. She began to stroke my dick, telling me how much she had wanted to do this. She gently kissed it until it was a rigid shaft in her hand. I watched as her mouth fully engulfed it, then moved up and down. Sometimes she would stop to run her tongue around the top while looking deep into my eyes. She was teasing me! She was going to make sure that when I came, it would be an intense orgasm.

While she sucked, her hand slid up and down my shaft. My cock was turning a deep purple; my mind was spinning like a top. I grabbed her head and moved it up and down in rhythm as she sucked. She could tell I couldn't take much more.

I almost fainted, but she continued

to suck and pump my cock. She wanted every drop of my life, my gift. I prayed it would be enough, but only an insane, inept man would want to stop now. She wasn't about to let me get soft. I pulled her onto me, her dress still hanging from her shoulders. She opened her legs, straddling my cock as it lay on my stomach. I had never seen it so hard, so long.

She sat on my lap now, rubbing my cock against her wet pussy. She rocked back and forth slowly, her breasts swaying with her movements. I couldn't stand any more, so I raised her up and slid my cock deep into her dripping cunt. She was so tight that she had to wiggle her way down. We gyrated in perfect harmony. I removed her dress, exposing her to anyone who passed by. I lost myself in fantastic flight—I was a king and she was my pleasure, my existence, a goddess who had come to crown me.

There were no words left, only desires—months of pent-up desires that had to be fulfilled. No one was going to stop us. We were mad, insane, animals. She wrapped her legs around me and pulled me closer. We began to grind into each other—the car must have been a sight as it rocked back and forth, sitting there in the parking lot jumping like a wild horse at a rodeo. We were sweating profusely, dripping onto each other. She licked the drops off my chest. Our tongues found each other and we locked in an embrace that no handcuffs could match.

Suddenly, I heard a ringing. I awoke to another morning afloat. One of the guys in our berthing area had set his alarm early. God, how I hated him for taking her away when I needed her the most. I sent her a copy of this letter. It's my hope that when I get home, she'll be waiting for me wearing her yellow dress that buttons down the front.—
Name and address withheld

A QUICK PICK-ME-UP

I was sitting in the parking lot waiting for my wife to get off work. Since I had just picked up the current issue of *Penthouse*, I decided to read some letters to pass the time. Visualizing the exploits in "Forum" produced a stiffening effect between my legs in record time. It was a warm day, so I was wearing shorts, and pretty soon my dick was sticking out of the leg. Without thinking, I did the natural thing and started to gently stroke it.

I was so wrapped up in the letter—and my self-manipulation—that I didn't even notice the car that had pulled into the space next to mine. Finally, I heard a car door open, then a female voice asking if she could be of any help. Sliding into my passenger's seat was a hot woman. Not being one to turn down such an offer, I readily agreed.

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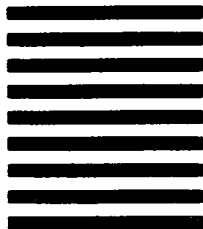


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She reached over and replaced my hand with her own delicate caresses. Soon she was on her hands and knees with her head in my lap. Her loose-fitting blouse fell open, revealing a remarkable set of tits with nipples just straining to be freed from the lace bra she was wearing. I reached over and started massaging her breasts, moving the bra out of the way so we could both enjoy it more.

She was displaying remarkable talents with her tongue. First she licked from tip to base, then she nipped and sucked the sensitive underside of my cock just below the head, all the while massaging my balls. It was almost more than I could take, but she knew just when to back off to prevent me from blowing my wad.

By now I had one hand under her skirt, her panties pulled aside, and a finger inside her pussy, searching for her G spot. Even with my entire cock in her mouth, I could hear her moaning from my efforts. I told her I couldn't last much longer. She started grinding her cunt on my hand, all the while picking up the tempo of her sucking until I felt the unstoppable rumble of orgasm in my balls. Just as I shot what seemed like a gallon of come down her throat, I felt my hand becoming much wetter—she was shaking all over with an orgasm equal to my own.

With that she patted my now limp cock, adjusted her clothes, and left. I look forward to picking up my wife from work again real soon.—*Name and address withheld*

DUTY CALLS

Initially, I hadn't thought about writing to "Forum," but after telling my roommates about my erotic adventure, I decided that your readers might find it interesting. To begin with, I am a Navy diver currently serving in the Persian Gulf, and I am lucky enough to be stuck in one of the few places that has access to alcohol. Needless to say, when the coalition vessels pull into port, there is mass partying going on. One such vessel arrived last weekend, and it just happened to be loaded with Navy nurses.

When I walked into the base club, I noticed a strikingly seductive blonde talking to a group of divers I know, so I introduced myself. Suddenly, I realized that I had briefly met Jennie years before. We talked about past duty stations and mutual friends while consuming copious quantities of beer. It wasn't long before the subject turned to sex. I had asked Jennie what it was like being on a ship where corporal punishment can be doled out if you're caught having sex—or, as the military puts it, fraternizing. She told me that when she and

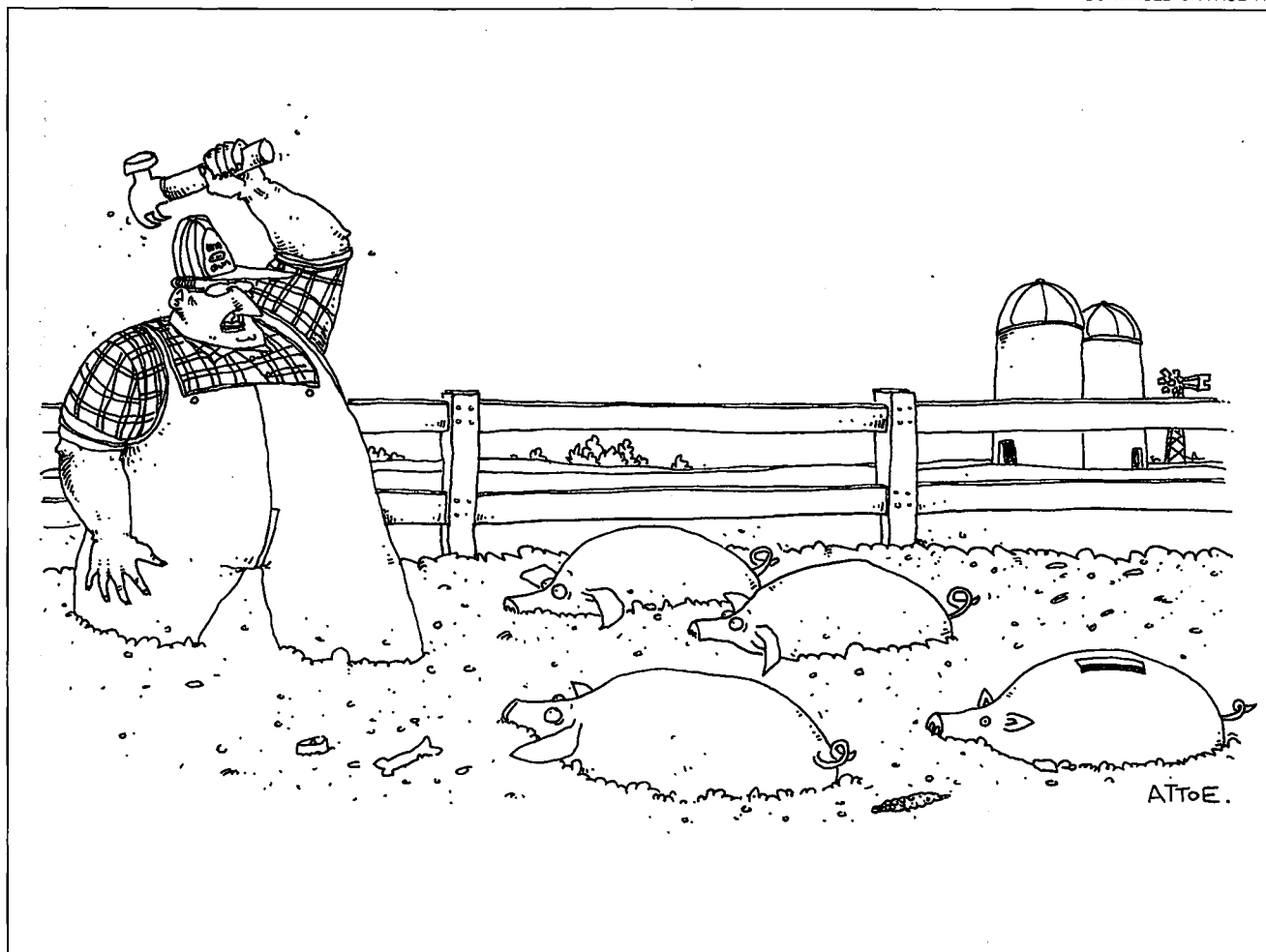
her ex-boyfriend used to get horny, he would go off and masturbate into a cup and bring it back to her so she could play with it. Well, that certainly piqued my interest, so I decided it was time to leave the crowded club and find a little privacy.

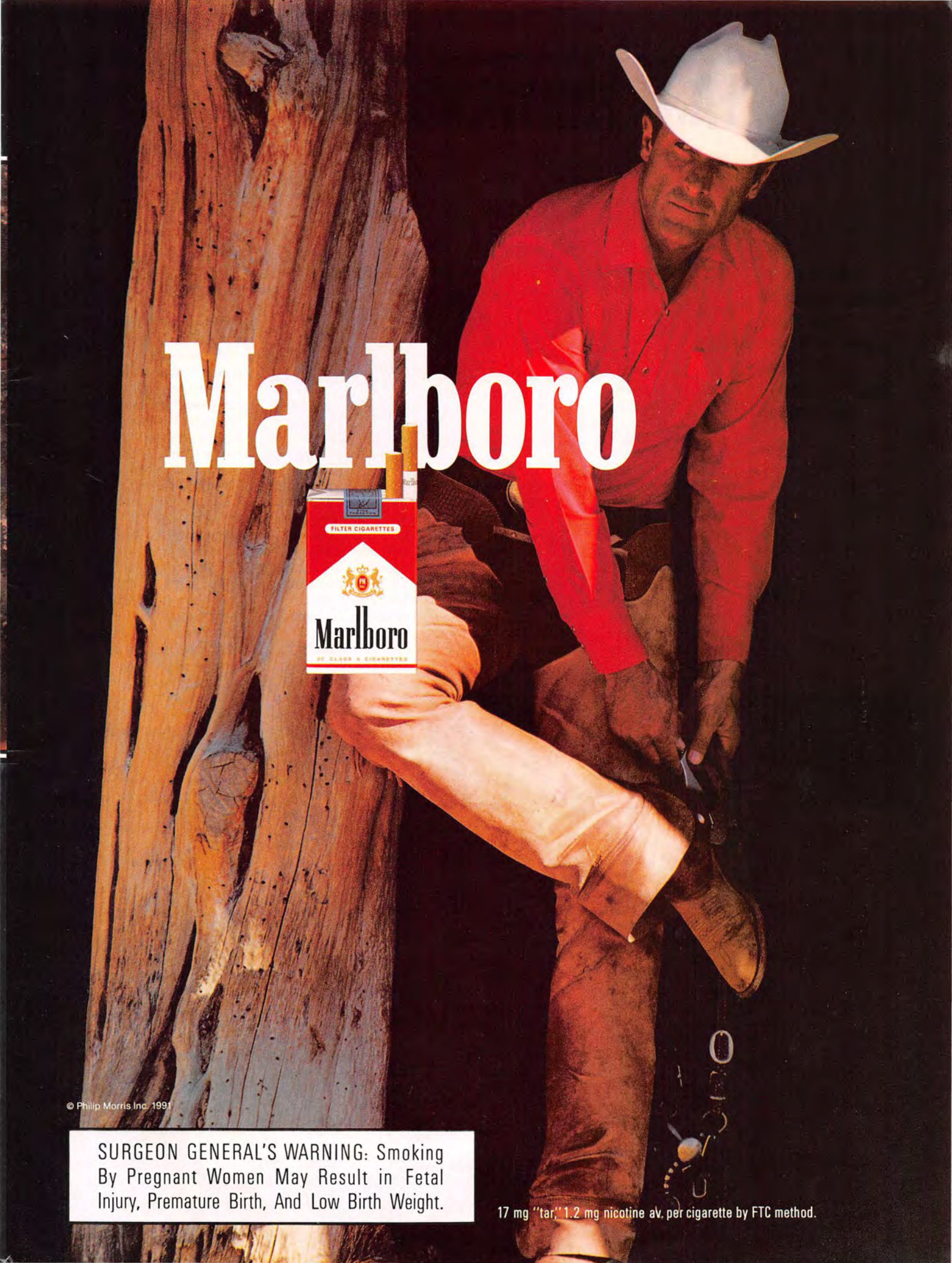
I had a fantasy of photographing this nautical goddess, so we went back to the shop where my diving team lives. I kept thinking how fabulous Jennie would look in a garter belt, black stockings, and heels. Unfortunately, we were not in the most romantic spot, and she wasn't wearing anything under her uniform, anyway. I started to kiss and suck on her neck, hoping this would heat up her love box. She wrapped her arms around me and leaned back as I climbed on top of her warm body.

"You can kiss my neck all night long," she purred as she slowly opened her legs and allowed me to grind my ever-enlarging cock into her. Just about then we had to quickly compose ourselves, as a friend came lumbering up the stairs into our "private" domain. Jennie had to get on the bus to head back to her ship soon, anyway, so we hastily excused ourselves and dashed out into the cool night air.

When we got to the line for the bus, we were both ready to leave our remaining scruples behind and find a tree to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112





Marlboro



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FAST FORWARD

The toy that all self-respecting rock stars want right now is the one they can't have—the Humvee.

Autos

By Lesley Hazleton

Forget the Jeeps. Watch the Range Rovers bite the dust. Spit in the monster grill of the Lamborghini LM002. The toy that all self-respecting rock stars want right now is the one they can't readily have—the Humvee.

One of the lead players of the Persian Gulf War, right up there with the Patriot missile and big-huggy-bear-of-a-general H. Norman Schwarzkopf, the Humvee is known in Pentagon-speak as the M998-series high-



brakes, four-wheel independent double A-arm suspension riding on coil springs, and 16 inches of ground clearance. Recommended top speed is 65 miles per hour, though it's been known to do 80 on a downhill of the autobahn with a tail wind. It can climb a 60-

degree gradient, ford five feet of water, and—thanks to magnesium run-flat doughnuts inside the tires—run 30 miles on four flats.

Fully loaded, the Humvee gets 14 miles per gallon. And it comes in 15 configurations, from basic cargo-troop carrier to armored versions fitted with machine guns, grenade launchers, and TOW missiles to command vehicles and ambulances.

It's useful to have an ambulance that can keep up with you in battle, and the Humvee does just that, matching the powerful M-1 Abrams tanks over rough terrain, which its predecessors couldn't. It's replaced not only the quarter-ton M151 jeep, but also the Gamma Goat cargo and ammunition hauler, the Mechanical Mule platform supply vehicle, and regular ton-and-a-quarter pickups. That makes four vehicles for the price of one. Could the Pentagon have discovered financial sense? The Humvee's cost: \$27,000 and change for the basic model, \$30,000 on average.

Availability? Aye, there's the rub. There are about 84,000 Humvees on the surface of the globe right now, 80,000 of them in the American military, 4,000 scattered throughout some 20 friendly countries, and

maybe six in private hands. If you can pass yourself off as a friendly country, you can probably get one.

A couple of privately owned ones probably came from the Defense Property Disposal System, headquartered in Battle Creek, Michigan, where military vehicles are sold for scrap. Occasionally—very occasionally—some soldier manages to crash a Humvee so badly that it ends up there. The others are probably the results of hefty amounts of cash that were discreetly scattered around in one of those friendly countries.

AM General, the division of LTV Missiles and Electronics Group that makes the Humvee, is thinking of going civilian with it—it would be crazy not to—but it will be a while until it gears up to meet federal safety regulations and emissions standards. You won't see Humvees on American roads yet . . . with one exception. Arnold Schwarzenegger has been negotiating with AM General and it's just about ready to loan or lease him one. Eat your heart out, Sly. 



mobility, multipurpose wheeled vehicle, or H.M.M.W.V. for short. Soldiers took one look at that mouthful, contracted it to Humvee, and, as they say, a star was born.

Here are the specs: It's a go-anywhere four-by-four powered by a 6.2-liter GMC diesel V-8, which produces 150 horsepower at 3,600 R.P.M. and 250 pound-feet of torque at 2,000 R.P.M. It weighs two and a half tons, and comes with a three-speed automatic shift and a two-speed transfer case, power steering, four-wheel power disc



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MY SON HAS A SON. TONIGHT WE DRINK GOLD.

FAST FORWARD

Bob Dylan serves as the obvious touchstone when considering Mark Germino and Willie Nile, whose songs are rich in language, character, and detail.

Sounds

By Vin Scelsa

Remember when any skinny male songwriter with a playful sense of absurdist poetry in his lyrics and musical roots that stretched back to both Woody Guthrie and Phil Spector was automatically labeled "the new Dylan"? The best of the bunch managed to outgrow that label's curse—John Prine, Bruce Springsteen, John Cougar Mellencamp, to name a few. Still, Dylan serves as the obvious touchstone when considering the likes of Mark Germino and Willie Nile, whose songs are rich in language, character, and detail.

On *Radartown* (Zoo/BMG), Nashville's Mark Germino and his band the Sluggers

sound like John Prine backed by the E Street Band. This is a collection of songs whose very titles indicate a sensibility far removed from your typical MTV fare.

"Leroy and Bo's Totalitarian Showdown," "Economics (of the Rat and the Snake)," and "Pandora's Boxcar Blues"! What is this, Jack Kerouac meets



Chuck Berry? Well, yeah, that's as good a description as any. Working within a countrified band setting that feels free to kick out roadhouse-style, Germino offers up a collection of memorable characters facing the bullshit of everyday life with instinctual courage: the abused and weary wife in "Exalted Rose" who refuses to quit her basically "honest and simple" man without a fight; the leftist writer Bo pissing on the swastika sign of his brother Leroy's fascist friends; and "Rex Bob Lowenstein," a middle-aged gonzo disc jockey who battles his station's outside consultants in a blaze of self-destructive glory. Germino writes about factory workers, lawyers, small-town wheeler-dealers, and haunted free spirits with humor, understating, and a remarkable knack for finding the perfect phrase to top off his tales. "Blood might be thicker than water my friends / But freedom is thicker than both"; "I crash into

the well when I think about you"; "Singing highs to the angels and lows to the hawk / I'm a woman in need of a 20-minute talk"—pieces of populist poetry that sound like they've been floating around the heartland just waiting for Germino to set them to song.

Places I Have

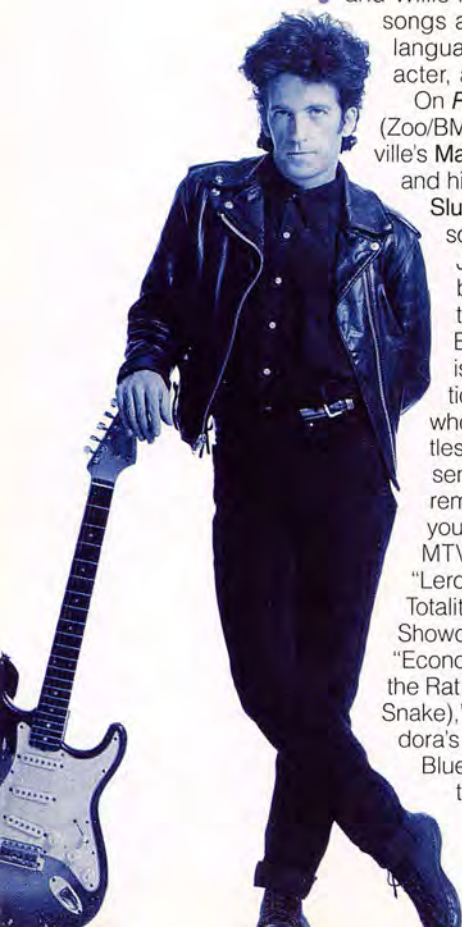


Never Been (Columbia) marks Willie Nile's reemergence as a musical contender after a self-imposed ten-year "hiatus" following the release of two critically well-received albums in the early eighties.

The first line of the album's opening, title track—"The streets of Rome are filled with wonder"—echoes Dylan's "The streets of Rome are filled with rubble" ("When I Paint My Masterpiece"), just as the narrator's desire to be

taken on a faraway trip to places he's never seen harks back to Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man": "All my doors are open (wide) / All my thoughts are free (hey) / Hey babe, are those telepathic messages for me?" A sense of wonder and humor colors these songs. "Cafe Memphis," a thinly disguised rendering of the after-hours scene at Kenny's Castaways, the legendary New York City folk club, is packed with a vivid cast of characters. "Plato and Descartes are busy / writin' poems on the ladies' room wall." A Ramones-like rocker called "Don't Die" bemoans the posthumous fate that awaits popular icons at the hands of sensationalist biographers. "Oh, Joan Crawford, what did you do / John Belushi and Hemingway too / Elvis and Lennon hang up the phones / They're gonna try and make a million dollars off of your bones." And "Everybody Needs a Hammer," a rollicking folkie anthem of release, is a worthy one-take successor to Dylan's "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35."

The line that started with Guthrie, that extends to Dylan and Springsteen, continues to produce memorable songwriters. Welcome, Mark Germino, and welcome back, Willie Nile, to the fold. 





other again... which because we lived in the two room boarding house for seventeen more years, never quite shook the feeling she was trying to avoid me. Nah...it was probably just coincidence.

I've been on a lot of dates—and donkey rides—since then. But nothing will ever rival the experience Rhonda and I had that night at the corral.

Name and address withheld by request

FALLING FOR RHONDA

I've been a reader of your magazine for several years, but I never thought I'd have the opportunity to write to you about one of my own experiences. But wow! Last Saturday night changed that for good!

My weekend started out just like anyone else's: up at five, calisthenics till six, high-altitude stunt diving at seven. Little did I know that by day's end, I'd be falling for something even more exciting than aerial targets.

Her name was Rhonda. We'd met a few weeks before during a highwire exhibition over the Grand Canyon, and had agreed that anyone who worked with a safety net was yellow to the core. The ice broken, we made plans to see each other at an upcoming martial arts film festival I was hosting at my apartment.

When the appointed day arrived, I was jumpier than a S.W.A.T. man before a raid. My friends from judo class knew something was up by my schoolboy antics: playfully head-butting unsuspecting students, driving nails into cin-

der block with an open palm. I was giddy!

I had just switched the stereo when my doorbell rang. Sains of parade music poured in the hall as I pressed the tin my first guest.

"Can the assassin?" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked.

"Come on, come on!" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked. "Come on, come on!" I barked.

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|---|--|--|---|---|
| ☐ Hard Rock
Aerosmith,
David Lee Roth | ☐ Soft Rock
George Michael,
Michael Bolton | ☐ Modern Rock
The Cure,
The Replacements | ☐ Light Sounds
Carly Simon,
Bette Midler | ☐ Heavy Metal
Judas Priest,
Warrant |
| ☐ R&B/Soul
Freddie Jackson,
Guy | ☐ Dance/Pop
Technatronix,
Stevie B | ☐ Country
Randy Travis,
Reba McEntire | ☐ Easy Listening
Ray Conniff,
Johnny Mathis | ☐ Jazz
☐ Classical |

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FAST FORWARD

Lick salt,
gulp tequila, bite
lime, wait for
the warm feeling
to pass ...
that's tradition!

Spirits

By Lavada Blanton

One of Mexico's most prized possessions—the district of Tequila—is nestled between low rolling hills in the rich volcanic soil just outside of Guadalajara. Miles before entering the quaint town, populated by 20,000 people and 19 tequila production plants, one is faced with vast expanses of spiky blue-green agave tequilana Weber plants in various stages of growth. From this interesting-looking lily, which resembles a cactus more than a flower, we get one of America's favorite distilled spirits.

Praised in songs, books, and bars, tequila is the result of centuries of love. The skills and tools of the *mescaleros* working in the agave fields have changed little; planting, pruning, and harvesting is done as it has always been done. Modern technology is, however, slowly creeping into the distillation process.

After eight to ten years of soaking up the hot Mexican sun, the agave is ready for harvest. After being stripped of the thorn-edged *pencas* (leaves), then cooked in giant steam ovens, the *piñas* (agave hearts) are ready to begin the magical process that trans-

forms the mud-colored honey water (agave-plant sugar and water) into a crystal-clear essence.

Demineralized water is then added to this liquid, creating what we know as *blanco* (white-) grade tequila. Some batches will be stored in 20-foot-tall oak tanks for up to six months, becoming *reposado*, or as it's more commonly known, gold. For a few other batches, which will be stored in small whiskey barrels, there awaits an even longer aging period—up to three years. This dark-gold creation, *añejo*—the finest grade of tequila—resembles brandy but has a distinctive tequila twang.

Each brand of tequila has its own distinct flavor, although the agave comes through in all of them. Jose Cuervo is the oldest and most popular producer, leading a long list of fine blanco grades, including Monte Alban, Sauza, Two Fingers, and others. Many producers also have either a gold or a blend of gold and *añejo*, which are smooth, rich, luscious, and can be enjoyed straight up in a snifter as well as on the rocks.

Every bartender has a recipe for making a margarita. Several tequila producers also make excellent mixes, but concocting the "perfect" mar-



garita is up to you. It can be on the rocks or frozen, made with fresh or frozen lime juice, with a dash of triple sec or another orange liqueur, with or without salt on the rim of the glass.

If you're a brave spirit, you can participate in the real tequila ritual. Fill a *caballito* (shot glass) with tequila and have a wedge of fresh lime ready. Lick the hollow of the back of your hand between the thumb and forefinger, then shake on some salt. Hold the lime in your salted hand.

Then, with a quick rhythm, lick the salt, drink the tequila, and bite into the lime. Sipping the tequila is okay, but the *truly* brave will drink it all in one gulp.

Slammers are also becoming popular. Fill a *caballito* with tequila, top it off with a dash of lemon-lime soda (like Squirt or Sprite), cover with a napkin, slam the glass once on the table, and swallow (remove the napkin before drinking!).

There's much allure, myth, and misconception connected with tequila. The most famous and most incorrect legend is that of the worm, called *gusano*. There is not and never has been a worm in tequila bottles. The *gusano* is found only in mescal, a strong distilled spirit produced from the maguey plant.

As an accompaniment to Mexican food or grilled steak, or just by itself, tequila is a drink for all seasons, bringing you the warmth of Mexico, even in the middle of winter. But while you're enjoying this hot summer day, try sipping a Tequila Sunrise (o.j., grenadine, and tequila), a nice fresh strawberry margarita, or the basic—tequila on ice with a twist of lime. You'll find the beauty of Mexico coming through.



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FAST FORWARD

Olympic gold medalist Giorgio Santelli was a legendary fencing master who seemed to be a swashbuckler from earlier centuries.

Sports

By Robert Handman

I'll never forget the first time I saw Giorgio Santelli give a fencing lesson. Towering and bulky in his padded instructor's jacket, hooded eyes gleaming fiercely, hooked nose stabbing at the student, Santelli seemed to be the reincarnation of a medieval European fencing master.

His foil flashed with lightning speed in an endless variety of attacks, parries, and ripostes. When I asked him later whether he had planned a specific lesson for the



ers, he found time to coach numerous Broadway and Hollywood stars whose roles called for some measure of fencing competence.

Generations of Americans thrilled to the flashing swords of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Errol Flynn, Tyrone Power, and José Ferrer as they finally skewered their villainous rivals for the hands of their ladies fair and the honor of their kingdoms. But very few of their admirers knew that it was Santelli who had choreographed those exciting duels.

The legendary actress and teacher Uta Hagen said that Santelli was the greatest coach of theatrical fencing that Broadway has ever known. But to me he was more important for the kiss he planted on the cheek of Edward Ballinger, African-American foil

fencer, who was later to become U.S. national champion and a member of our Olympic team. Though he had been reared in a famous family and feted by nobility in pre-World War II Hungary, Santelli was completely democratic in philosophy and practice. He would not tolerate discrimination of any kind in his *salle d'armes* (fencing school).

And then when Uriah Jones became the first African-American to win a national fencing championship, three thoughts,

he told me later, raced through his consciousness:

The first impelled him to raise his right fist in the Black Power salute in emulation of medal winners Tommie Smith and John Carlos, as they had displayed pride in race and offered a challenge to racism at the 1968 Olympiad in Mexico City.

The second was the thrill of being the best foil fencer in the United States. As a man who came to the sport at the age of 30, without previous experience, with little money, and rejected or made unwelcome by elitist fencing clubs in New York City, Jones had "found a home" at Santelli Salle d'Armes.

The final thought was of the respect, love, and unlimited attention given him by the maestro. A former boxer with unusual physical strength, Jones learned the subtle control and exquisite timing that make a great fencer and athlete. Santelli also often assisted him by supplying equipment and paying travel expenses.

"Giorgio was a father and a friend, as well as the greatest fencing master of our time," Jones told me when I interviewed him for a biography of Santelli that I'm writing. "An era ended when he passed away." 



student, he modestly replied, "I've been doing this for 60 years and I don't need to think about it. I just do what the student seems to need."

Santelli, who died in 1985 at the age of 87, was a throwback, a swashbuckler from earlier centuries who moved with the bearing and charisma of a master of his weapons. An Olympic gold medalist himself, he was coach of the United States saber team for five successive Olympic games. In addition to training a host of champions and recreational fenc-



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XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

At last, after days of waiting patiently, we finally got this month's Penthouse in the mail. Both my wife and I find it absolutely terrific that there is so much for each of us to see and enjoy. The pictures, interesting articles and interviews, and, last but not least, your informative column.

I want you to know that we live in a town where, until about a year ago, it was illegal to buy Penthouse and dangerous even to talk about one's sexual desires, especially when they were different from the norm. Since until recently my sex life was the norm, this was fine with me. Now, however, from what I can read between the lines, you are not only a very attractive lady, but also very understanding of the problems of others. That is why I got up the courage to write to you. I was particularly interested in one of your letters, about a woman who wrote to you that she had made love to two men on the same day.

My story is more or less along the same lines. I have been married for ten years and quite by accident found a letter addressed to my wife that was obviously written by her lover. From this letter I found out that she has been having an affair with a somewhat older but obviously experi-



enced lover for the past year and that they meet at least once a week at some secret spot. I, of course, never had any idea of what was going on—now I realize that she must have been with him when she told me she was getting together with her girlfriends over coffee or that she had to work.

I always thought that our sex life was okay—we've been intimate almost daily. You can imagine, Xaviera, that I was quite shocked when I discovered what had been going on, especially as I am the perfect faithful husband—and now this! But I still love my wife a lot, so I confronted her with the letter and asked for an explanation.

She didn't bat an eye and told the truth immediately. It appears that I was not fully satisfying her sexually and, as she didn't want to hurt my feelings, she had been carrying on with this other lover. He is older but much more potent than I am, and quite imaginative and experienced

in bed. I had to know everything very precisely. She even told me that on a few occasions he had bought her very sexy lingerie and they'd done sixty-nines together. Those are things we were never into in our own relationship, probably because I am a bit of a

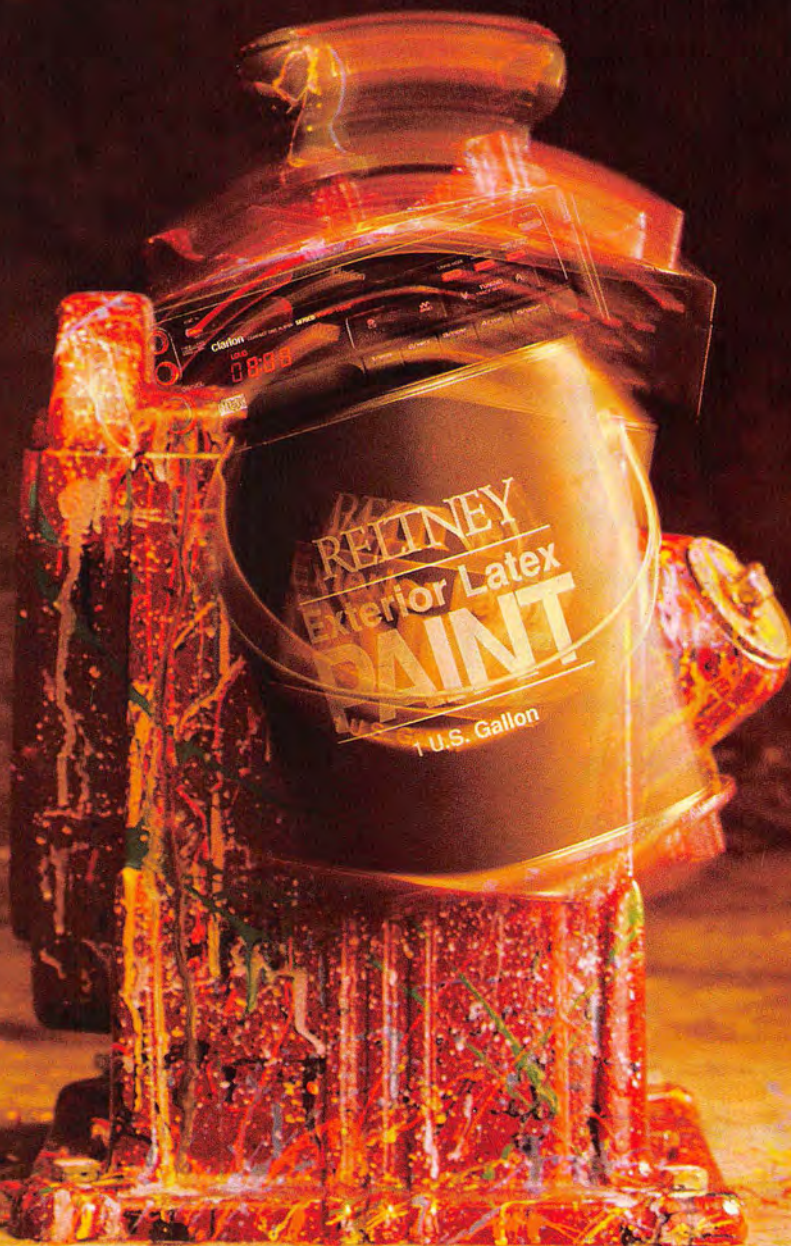
prude and find them immoral. However, for some reason, the more she told me about her affair, the more turned on I became.

This is how we solved the entire problem: I promised to allow her to continue seeing her lover on the side, but she has to tell me every detail of what goes on. I also insisted that she do the same things to me that she does to him—I, too, want to be spoiled. My wife, obviously taken completely by surprise by my positive reaction, agreed to my demands. You know, even though she has been unfaithful to me, I still think we have a great deal of love for each other. So, in fact, I owe it to her other man to keep our sex life stimulating.

Now my wife wears the sexiest nightgowns and panties, and even performs the occasional striptease. And—would you believe it?—when I ate my wife's pussy while she gave me head for the first time in my life, I had the most brain-shattering orgasm that I have ever felt.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

WOMEN'S LIB AWARDS

By Emily Prager

It's Independence Day, 1991, and *Penthouse* is proud to announce the first annual Women's Lib Awards. Today we honor American men who, in the last 20 years, have really tried to understand why women should be treated equally. Today we celebrate those men who, against every instinct, washed dishes, attended Patrick Swayze films, and watched births—and are still reeling from all of it.

Three groups have been voted by the women of America as worthy of citations for exemplary behavior: construction workers, subway mashers, and good ol' boys. These three groups, above all, have truly tried to change their swinish habits, and we appreciate it. No longer is the construction site a sexual gauntlet. Good ol' boys now vacuum and diaper. And I haven't seen a subway masher since 1978. I often wonder what happened to them—you know, like the elephant's burial ground. Did they go someplace? Used to be we couldn't get on a subway without some guy exposing himself to us. Now they shoot us before they expose themselves. But the point is, we're dead, so we don't see it, and we're thrilled about that, so thanks.

American men have had a hell of a hard time with women's lib, and we know that. Why, they've asked themselves a hundred times over, do anything around the house when there's a per-



fectly good woman there to do it for them? How can a woman with a job possibly pay enough attention to them? Can a woman who makes her own money be trusted at all? If she hires a housekeeper and pays for it, can she feel love? These are hard questions and we know how you've struggled with them. We appreciate it, we really do.

We appreciate it all—the hours you've spent listening to Bonnie Raitt albums, the dinners you've allowed us to pay for, the doors you've let us open, the cigarettes you've let us light. We appreciate your letting us do these things. We needed to do them for our sense of inde-

pendence. But we have our independence now, and we realize that doing these things is a tedious business, *man's work*. So we'd like you to start doing them again. We made a mistake. We admit it. Sorry.

Twenty years ago, women went to work to get some sense of themselves and to take the financial strain off men. Though it may seem like it, it was not a power trip. And we'd like to take this opportunity to celebrate those men who have really tried not to hate us for it. Those men who only drank for a weekend after their wife got a promotion, who only had one-night stands when their girlfriend went on business trips, whose love for us was not based on the size of our tax bracket. We know how hard it's been. In America a man's sense of power and his money are as intertwined as an Iraqi man's sense of power and the Scud. We know it hasn't been easy.

In closing, let me say again that we honor you for having tried. We know there are women out there who claim to be women's libbers but aren't. Unscrupulous women who have taken your good efforts at equality and stomped on them in high-heeled shoes. Women who have turned you into maids, cuckolded you with work, and given new meaning to the phrase pussy-whipped. Don't let them get away with it! The next time a woman behaves like a dirtbag and cites feminism as the cause, don't believe it. She isn't one of us.

We thank you, American men, we really do. Now, stop trying so hard and have some fun, will you? It's really getting to be a drag.

American men have had a hard time with women's lib, and women know that.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

MEN'S RIGHTS

By Sidney Siller

There used to be a time when people lived out their lives in the same city or state where they'd been born. Generations of families grew up together, with some folks only venturing beyond the city limits for business or vacation. Today all that's changed. We have become more of a transient population and can, with relative ease, travel to distant locations and begin new lives. While all of this may sound exciting, it can become a big problem for divorced fathers who want to see their children. In an overwhelming majority of cases, mothers are awarded custody and fathers are granted visitation rights. That's fine if your child lives fairly close to you, but what happens if your ex wants to relocate?

Ten years ago, for example, the New York Court of Appeals put forth some general rules regarding relocation. Basically, these rules stated that unless there were exceptional circumstances involving remarriage, employment, health, or education, custodial parents would usually not receive the court's permission to move. A decree awarding custody to one parent with visitation rights to the other would not be changed to allow for the custodial parent to remove a child to a distant state, since this would interfere with the visitation rights of the other. Courts were even more reluctant to permit the relocation of a child from the United States to a foreign country.

In considering the question of geographic relocation, a court will take the "best interest of the child" into consideration. In the past, courts usually came to the conclusion that relocation unreasonably interfered with a child's continuing relationship with the non-custodial parent, and that having such a relationship was in the child's best interest. However, there appears to be a judicial change occurring that does not bode well for non-custodial fathers.

In a recent New York case, the court ruled that removal was only *one* factor to consider when determining what is in the best interest of the child. The Court of Appeals affirmed a ruling by the appellate court that had permitted a mother and her child to

relocate from New York to California. The relocation was granted on the basis of the fact that the stepfather, an orthopedic surgeon, had an expectation of earning \$400,000 per annum after six or more years of anticipated employment. The appellate court had considered not only the best interest of the child, but of *all* concerned. This ruling signifies a drastic change in the court's philosophy and should be a danger alert to all non-custodial fathers.

So what can be done about a judgment that permits relocation? One thing you can do is bring an appeal. Since rules vary from state to state, it's best to consult with your attorney regarding the proper way to bring about such an action. All appeals must be brought within a specified period of time and must, among other things, set forth your reasons for wanting to reverse the lower court's decision. Keep in mind that a failure to complete your appeal in accordance with the rules of the proper state court will result in a dismissal of the case, leaving you stuck with the original result. Also be aware that while the appeal is awaiting the court's decision, the previous judgment is still in effect and you must comply with its stipulations. Appeals are costly, but they can be a way for you to exercise your rights and reverse a poor result in a trial court.

I would like to hear your views regarding the geographic relocation of children and any experiences you may have had. Please contact me at the National Organization for Men, 381 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016; (212) 686-MALE.

What happens to your visitation rights when your ex-wife and the kids move away?



HEALTH

By Gary Null

There are certain health problems that people just don't like to discuss.

Rarely, for instance, do foot problems become a point of focus in health-oriented conversations. As a society we have developed a negative perception of corns, bunions, ingrown toenails, hammer-toes, and foot odor. As a result, these ailments are some of the most overlooked and unattended health problems in America today, despite the fact that they affect tens of millions of people.

One of the most common foot ailments, one that affects people in their twenties, thirties, and forties, is foot fungus. People often associate foot fungus with spas, gyms, and swimming pools. At one New York City health club, for example, I surveyed members and found that foot fungus was a leading problem. The misperception, however, was that a fungus is contracted in a shower, sauna, or dressing room. This is simply not correct.

The No. 1 cause of foot fungus is a poorly functioning immune system, which can result from the quality of the food we eat. Studies show that processed, fried, and canned foods, along with excess animal proteins, saturated fats, and sugar, depress the immune system over a period of time.

Add a few more negative elements, such as the environmental pollutants and emotional stress that also wear out the immune system, and it's surprising that foot fungus is not a more serious problem. A chronically weak immune system allows an

otherwise normal balance of fungus to proliferate and then manifest itself on your toenails.

The problem of toenails that grow in brittle and yel-

3. Do not wear the same pair of shoes two days in a row. Give them a 24-hour "resting" period so that they can dry out completely.

Of course, the most im-



low, rather than healthy and pink, could be addressed through diet. Foods that contain vitamins C and E, selenium, zinc, and manganese, and chlorophyll-rich foods—such as green vegetables—must become part of our regular menus.

In addition, there are several steps you can take to prevent your feet from becoming a breeding ground for fungus:

1. Dry your feet thoroughly after taking a bath or shower. It's a small detail, granted, but one that people tend to overlook. Putting wet feet into socks and shoes is simply an invitation to infection.

2. Never wear synthetic socks or shoes, which can cause excessive perspiration that is then trapped against the foot. Natural materials, such as cotton, wool, and leather, are much better choices because they allow the moisture to escape and the feet to breathe.

portant preventative measures are good nutrition habits that will keep your skin and nails healthy, as well as strengthen the various components of your immune system.

If you already have foot fungus, an herbal remedy can be used to treat the toenails safely. Simply boil three cups of water and add the following ingredients, all of which can be found in a health-food store: three tea bags of Pau d'Arco, one tea bag of goldenseal root, one tea bag of peppermint leaves, and one tea bag of comfrey leaves.

Soak your toenails at least once a day in a cooled, freshly made batch of this solution. Then dry your toenails and apply Australian tea-tree oil to the cuticles. It will take about six months to heal the nails with this treatment, provided you have followed all the other preventative measures as well.

Some tips on how to avoid one of today's most overlooked and unattended health problems.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

WORDS

By Charles Simmons

Fortunate Son: The Autobiography of Lewis B. Puller, Jr. (Grove Weidenfeld) is the best book about Vietnam I've read. Puller is



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the son of the most decorated Marine in the corps' history, Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, Jr., hero of Korea and eventually a lieutenant general. The author, a junior of a junior, was given a .22-caliber rifle when he was six. Dad tried to teach him close-order drill. He couldn't learn. You anticipate a heavily oedipal problem, but it doesn't happen.

The son, because he must, because he wants to, joins the Marines after college and goes to officers' school. Superiors warn him

that he will get no special treatment because he is his father's son. They're wrong—he gets hard treatment. The year is 1968. He is commissioned, marries his girlfriend (who has become pregnant), and is shipped to Vietnam, where he takes over an infantry platoon, intending to be "the meanest mother in the green machine." In three months he is on his way home, both legs and most of his hands gone. What is left weighs 60 pounds. In Philadelphia Naval Hospital, he meets a doctor who had treated him fresh from battle; the doctor confesses that he was undecided whether to let Puller live.

Puller's recovery is as brave as anything he or probably his father did in the field—numerous operations, endless exercises, hobbling on "stubbies" in preparation for artificial limbs, which, after finally arriving, don't work. Puller conceives another child, puts himself through law school, and in 1978 loses a run for Congress on the Democratic ticket. Always fond of booze, he really hits it, and is diagnosed as a mid- or late-stage alcoholic. He dries out, does A.A., and returns to his job as a lawyer for the Defense Department. His book is in no way sour—it is heroic. If you want to know what it feels like to watch your country turn away from the cause you gave your youth and most of your body to, read it.

I find Don DeLillo's style and subject matter unpleasant, but I'm transfixed by both—spacy isolates, obsessive ideologues, and sweaty paranoids doing bad things and contemplating worse, described in exact prose and surreal detail. His last book, *Libra*, for instance,

kept me inside Lee Harvey Oswald's head for longer than I wanted to be there. DeLillo's new *Mao II* (Viking) is a grotesque story about a reclusive writer of Salinger-like fame, two hangers-on, a female photographer with ingenious things to say about her craft, and big trouble in the Middle East. Brilliant and repulsive.

The company you'll keep in Judith Green's *Unsuitable Company* (Bantam) is mostly the rich and infamous—John Kaplan, England's most voracious takeover shark; his wife, Lady Zara, distant relative of the royal family, who provides entrée to places where Kaplans fear to tread; Archer Blair, Kaplan's business pal and Lady Zara's secret lover; Gary Dellos, Greek stud, screwing for hard cash; George Wheaton, self-made American industrialist, whose firm Kaplan lusts after; Erica Wheaton, George's young and sexy wife, who rises from humble beginnings to become the novel's heroine. Not only is Wheaton Industries up for grabs, but so is an \$11 million co-op that money alone can't buy—bring class. Judith Krantz, make room!

Dave Marsh and his friends have put together *50 Ways to Fight Censorship* (Thunder's Mouth Press). There really are 50 things to do here, most of them sensible, like writing to members of Congress in defense of free speech or getting involved in your local library, especially if Mrs. Grundy has joined your board. Also recommended is buying banned records because they're banned, as well as watching such shows as "The Simpsons" because they're "controversial." Well, okay, if you really want to. **OT**



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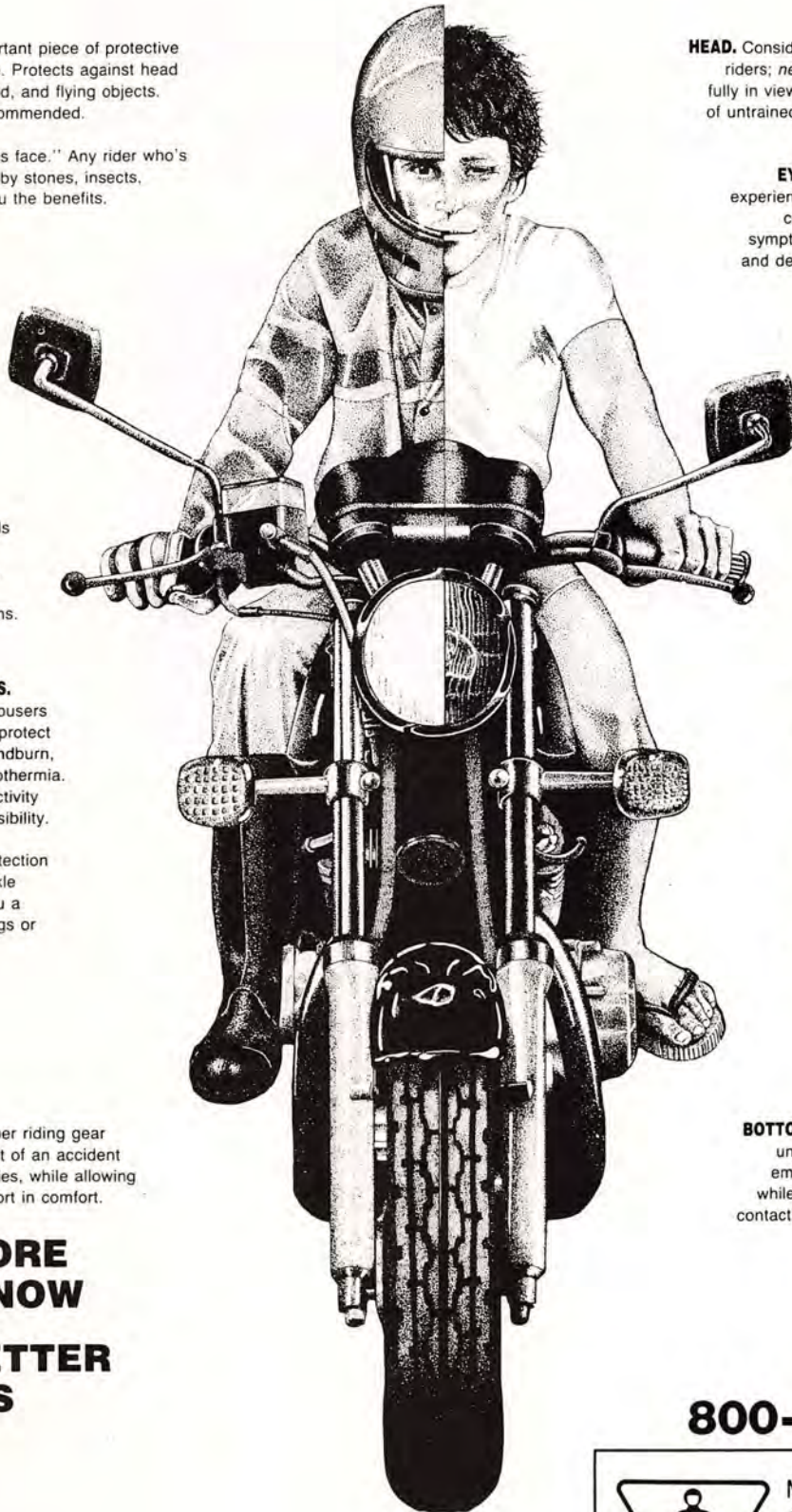
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Cocaine is extremely addictive. Maybe more so than heroin. If you smoke coke—as freebase or crack—you could get hooked from the very first hit.

Why? Every coke high is followed by a low. To bring



yourself back up, you do more coke. The highs don't get any better, but the lows just get worse. You become tired. Irritable. If you get hooked, you'll plunge into depression, even paranoia.

You might even end up committing suicide.

Think you can control yourself?

Cocaine can alter brain chemistry until you prefer it over everything—food, water, even sex. It could also make you do things you wouldn't normally do.

One woman sold her baby to buy coke. And a 14-year-old killed his mother when

she tried to stop his crack habit.

It may sound exaggerated. Unbelievable. You may think it could never happen to you.

However, nearly 700 people died of cocaine abuse last year. 2-3 million are addicts. And all these victims have one thing in common. They didn't think anything would happen to them, either.

Grow up.

With cocaine, you never know whether you'll get hooked or not. Or whether you'll die or not. And no one in the world can tell you. No doctor. No expert.

But when you face that first line, you may be hearing a lot of other things. Like coke's a fantastic trip. Or that everybody who's somebody does it. You might even hear that it'll make you a man.

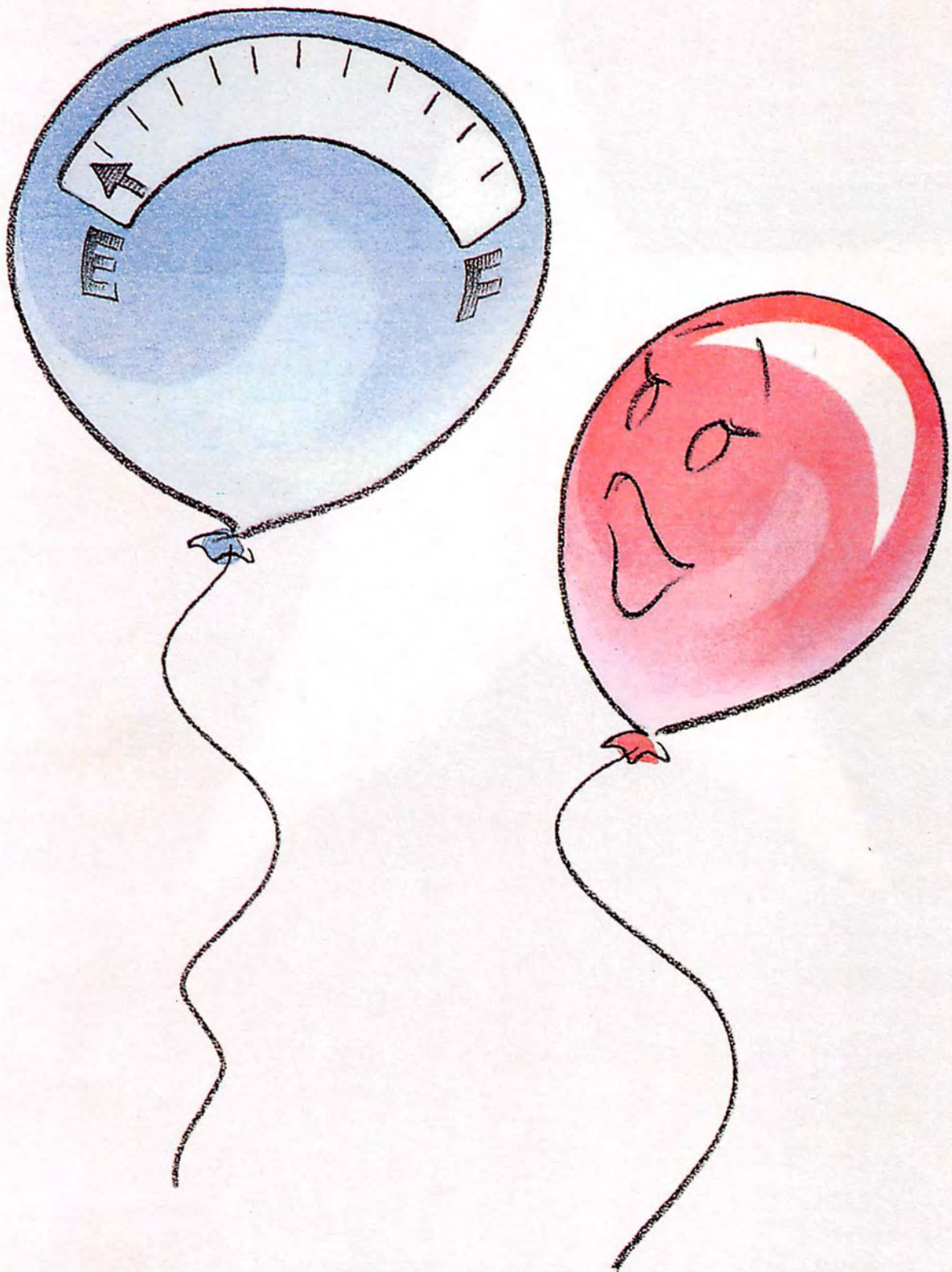
But now you know what cocaine can do to you.

And if you really want to prove you're a man, you'll make your own decisions.

Partnership for a Drug-Free America

Balloonsheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"If I'm reading you right, I suggest a brain scan—and soon!"



ARTICLE

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

One of our nation's most prestigious journalists celebrates our rediscovery of the American Dream.

BY ERIC BREINDEL

The sense of national pride that has swept the country since the onset of Operation Desert Storm has about it a unique, almost unprecedented character. Not since the end of World War II have Americans been so taken with national symbols, so unabashed about indulging themselves in simple manifestations of patriotism.

Fierce pride and a sense of national renewal define America's mood as we celebrate our 215th birthday with homecoming ceremonies for Gulf War veterans supplementing the usual fireworks displays and Fourth of July parades. Flag decals adorn car windshields; actual flags fly from apartment windows and on suburban lawns; yellow ribbons remain plentiful; and lusty voices sing the National Anthem with rare enthusiasm at sporting events.

Some of the superficial patriotic trappings will disappear, but we're seeing a phenomenon that's deeper than a momentary desire to feel good about America. In fact, many Americans are emerging from an extended period of uncertainty about this country and its prospects. Whether we call it the "Vietnam syndrome" or the "national

malaise" (to use Jimmy Carter's term), a tepid, tentative, unhappy period is drawing to a close.

That's as it should be. Americans have a lot to be proud of, and we have lots of reasons for optimism.

The Gulf War taught us a fair bit.

American soldiers fought courageously and well.

Why?

Because they were disciplined, confident of their training, and motivated. They were animated by a genuine sense of purpose—they believed in what they were doing.

The war also taught us that American technology actually works. All those who have argued that Americans can't make anything good anymore would do well to remember that most of the weaponry and equipment used in the battle to liberate Kuwait was designed and manufactured right here in the United States. Obviously, when we put our minds to it, we can still assemble some pretty sophisticated stuff. And if

we can make the tools of war—not to speak of the means to explore space—why should we concede an inability to compete with other countries in more mundane areas of technological endeavor?

We learned from the war that the nations of the world still look to us for leadership. For all the talk of America's decline, despite the widespread attention to a united Europe and an ascendant Japan, when the chips were down, all eyes focused on Washington, D.C. Not just because, in a military sense, we're the last remaining superpower, but because, even at our advanced age, we're still on the ideological cutting edge. Democracy—American-style democracy—is the wave of the future.

The death of Communism as a competing ideology was no accident. It is democracy and capitalism—the free-enterprise system—that attract imitators. Democratic ideals continue to inspire protests and rebellions the world over.

And it's because of this society's fundamentally democratic character that immigrants from across the globe continue to flock to these shores. From Haiti to Ireland to Korea, young (and not-so-young) men and women still do all they can to get here. Their goal? To build new lives here; to raise their families here; to realize their hopes and dreams here.

The perception that America remains a land of opportunity endures for a reason—it's true.

While it's altogether natural that patriotism should flourish in this context, a fair number of people find overt manifestations of patriotism inherently unsettling. They see only its most negative potential attributes: mindless jingoism, intolerance, and militarism. Thus, those of us who are genuinely encouraged by the advent of a popular patriotic sensibility have a challenge ahead: We need to define an intelligent patriotism for the nineties.

This is a time for Americans to "count

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

THIS PENTAGON DISGRACE IS NO CAUSE TO CELEBRATE

BY ARNOLD FORSTER

Every schoolboy knows that the Bill of Rights' First Amendment guarantees all Americans the freedom to practice religion in accordance with their own faith and tradition. Except, that is, if it involves members of our armed forces deployed to Saudi Arabia. In that kingdom, our soldiers were compelled to surrender their constitutional rights to the demands of its religious bigotry. And they had to do so while risking their lives defending the feudal monarchy from its neighboring enemies.

Such are the facts, based not upon the laws, but upon the craven actions of the American government in the short Persian Gulf War that was waged against Saddam Hussein.

The Saudis (and other Arabs in the Middle East) recognize only one faith: Islam. But the Saudi monarchy interprets and enforces its Muslim principles so severely that American servicemen have been prevented from honoring their own most basic religious obligations while within its borders. In the now-ended Operation Desert Storm, soldiers of any faith except Muslim had a little-mentioned problem. Not only were they obliged to hide their crucifixes, Stars of David, or other religious symbols in public, but they also had to observe their faith in secrecy and pray in seclusion.

With the silent acquiescence of our president and Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney, Army authorities made one issue eminently clear to our Navy, ground troops, and Air Force. The military was to submit—without any discussion—to the religious restrictions put on it by the Saudi king's orders to his narrow-minded lackeys.

The same rules applied, then and now, to American civilians entering Saudi borders on quasi-governmental missions. Unsurprisingly, Jewish visitors have always been flatly denied entry into Saudi Arabia by official policy, except under extraordinary circumstances. In November 1973 Secretary of State Henry Kissinger made an imperative trip to Riyadh, the Saudi capital. King Faisal was compelled to close his eyes to his guest's religion. Of course, during the desert war, the present king graciously granted dispensation to Jewish soldiers to come in and get killed defending his kingdom. But when President Bush called off the war, and while the United Nations was working out armistice conditions for Iraq, the Saudis (and Kuwaitis) resumed their traditional barriers. Typically, New Jersey's senator, Frank Lautenberg, on a mission as a member of a Senate delegation after the fighting came to a halt, was denied entry because

his passport bore a stamp from Israel's Ben-Gurion Airport.

Shamefully, until the late 1970s, the Pentagon itself voluntarily screened out Jews from military contracts with the Saudis. But why complain? In those years even our American Army personnel were required to certify their non-Jewish faith. Need it be added that, at the insistence of the Saudis, the Pentagon also refrained from assigning blacks to duty in the gulf?

With the onset of battle against the tyrant Saddam, our Defense Department advised participating Army chaplains to avoid public displays of their religious insignia, although such symbols are part of their official uniform. A Pentagon memo actually instructed these military officers to remove such badges of office when appearing in public. Islam was the only openly permitted religion in Saudi Arabia. *The New York Times* quoted a candid Christian chaplain this way: "We've been told not to wear crosses when we're away from the troops."

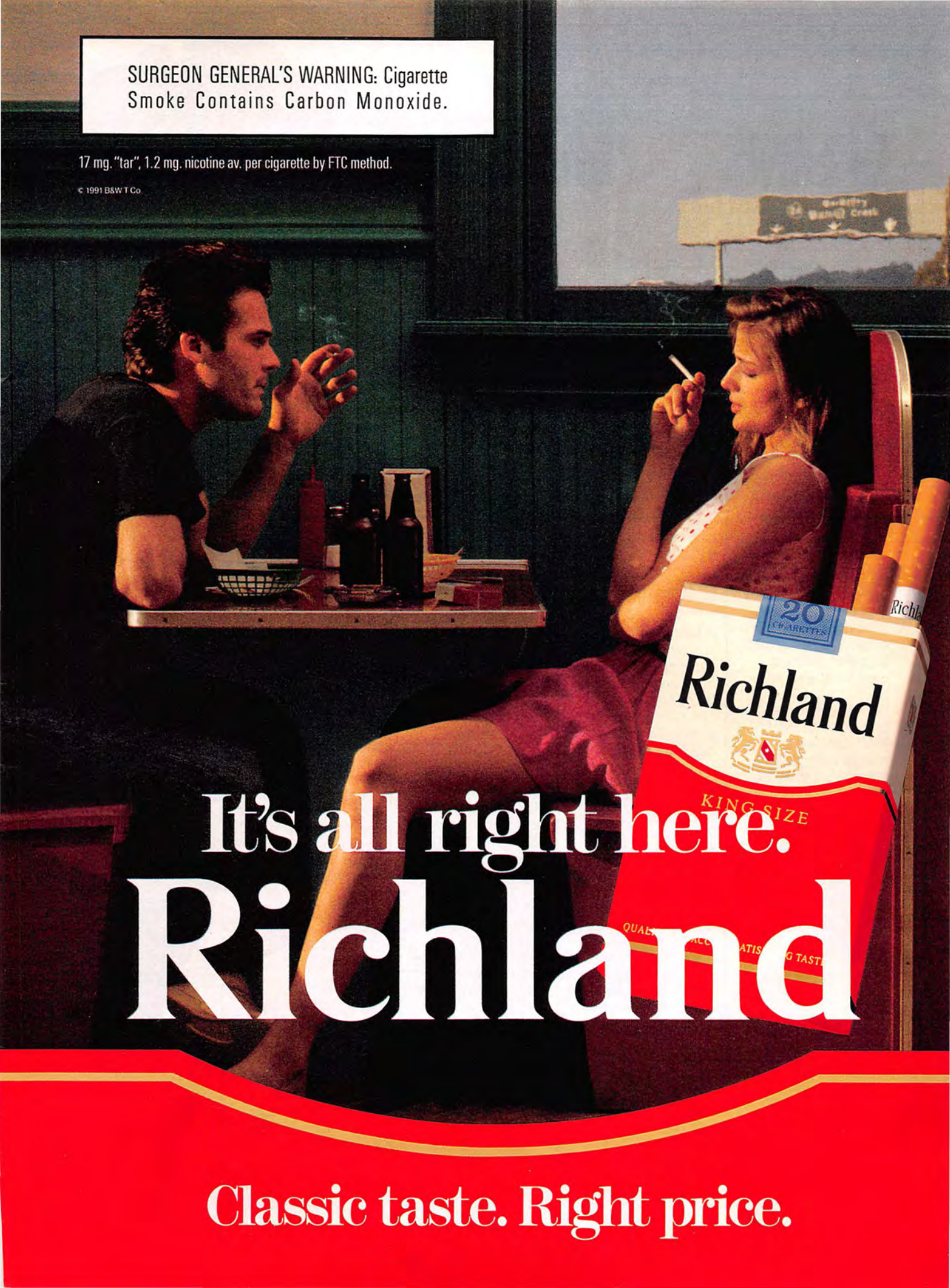
That same month, Rabbi David Lapp, director of the Jewish Chaplains Council, remarked for publication that "it would be history in the making, the first such in an Arab nation, if Jewish chaplains were allowed entry."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



OUR STRUGGLING ACTORS AT WORK

Actor Dennis Quaid's contract for the movie *Come See the Paradise* included, in addition to an estimated \$3 million salary, a weekly expense allowance of \$20,500 when outside Los Angeles, a chauffeured Lincoln Town Car, and an air-conditioned dressing room with a VCR and a stereo. The contract also specified that Quaid's name was to run above the movie title.

OUR NATION'S CREATIVE RAP ARTISTS AT WORK

2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell, asked to describe some of the songs on his group's new album, replied, "We've got a record called 'Face Down, Ass Up, That's the Way We Like to Fuck.' Don't everybody like it that way?"

BLACK, NO SUGAR

A Michigan medical survey revealed that older couples who drink coffee seem to be more sexually active than non-coffee drinkers of the same age. The doctor who had sponsored the study speculated that people who drink coffee are perhaps "more liberal in their sexual behavior."

CLASS ACT

Vanilla Ice, accepting an American Music Award, told the audience at the awards ceremony that those who had mocked his career as a white rap singer could kiss his white butt.

SPOILSPORTS OF THE MONTH

A California animal-rights group has begun a campaign in San Mateo County to make it illegal for dogs and cats to copulate, even in the privacy of their owner's home.



LIFE AT THE TOP

Bugatti, the famed auto-design firm whose cars symbolized fine living in the 1920s, has created a modern version. It can reach a speed of 220 miles per hour, has six gears, and costs up to \$600,000, depending on options. However, prospective purchasers not only have to be rich, they have to possess "the right moral qualities," according to the company, in order to be permitted to purchase the car.

DOG DAY AFTERNOON

After allegedly stealing a man's driver's license, a Nebraska crook tried to use the stolen document as an ID for a forged check but encountered a problem at the bank: The bank teller turned out to be the man identified on the driver's license in the first place.

DEPARTMENT OF SHATTERED ILLUSIONS

Paul McCartney, refuting the belief that the Beatles were antimaterialistic, revealed that he and John Lennon wrote the group's most famous songs strictly for money. "John and I literally used to sit down and say, 'Now let's write a swimming pool,'" McCartney said in a magazine interview.

GEE, WE NEVER WOULD'VE KNOWN

Elizabeth Taylor, on the opposite sex: "I have always had a passion for men."

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS, DEAR OLD GOLDEN-RULE DAYS

A proposed curriculum guide for New York City educators who will be assigned to teach that system's projected course on the use of condoms by teenagers includes the following material requirements: Magic Markers, bananas (or cucumbers or zucchini), two latex condoms for each student, and tubes of water-soluble lubricant.





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OUR MODEST ATHLETE OF THE MONTH AWARD TO ...

... Deion Sanders, defensive back for the Atlanta Falcons and outfielder for the Atlanta Braves, who was seen at a popular Tampa night spot wearing a huge gold breastplate that spells out one of his nicknames, "Prime Time," in diamonds.



SHE'S NOT A VERY GOOD ACTRESS, EITHER

Actress Ally Sheedy has published a book of poetry that she says was written "to keep my head on straight in Hollywood." The poems center on her personal experiences concerning drug addiction, abortion, and bulimia, an eating disorder. One poem, in which she compares herself to a corn chip, includes these lines: "Some people wear their hearts on their sleeves. / I, unfortunately, wear my mind."

A PLACE IN THE SUN

A Los Angeles man was arrested on charges of spray-painting the word *chaka* on 10,000 public facilities, including railroad cars.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Sexologist Shere Hite, distraught over the death of her pet dog—which she had brought to her wedding—kept the animal's corpse in her freezer.

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Actress Margot Kidder, explaining her fervent opposition to American participation in the Persian Gulf War: "I'm in a state of shock and grief. I think there is a state of global grief, and I've been crying a lot this past week." She also called for an end to "the perpetration of this toxic level of testosterone."

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Government auditors charged that Stanford University had overcharged the federal government by as much as \$200 million on government contracts, with some of the money allegedly used for flowers for the university's president and for the university's 72-foot yacht, which includes a Jacuzzi.



MR. TAYLOR WILL SEE YOU NOW

Rock singer Jon Bon Jovi, upset about a mid-season loss by his favorite football team, the New York Giants, complained to a concert audience, "[The Giants] are a bunch of faggots." Bon Jovi issued a public apology two days later.

RECYCLING GOES TOO FAR

A Massachusetts firm won an award for "best technological innovation" for its development of a human skin substitute made from foreskins removed during circumcisions.

YOU HAD TO BE THERE

Jerry Lewis, attending an awards dinner, set his napkin on fire, then used the dinner rolls to play catch with Willie Mays.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

The London *Observer* recently regretted an error in its December 25, 1791, issue, when it had reported that Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, described as "the celebrated German composer," had died ten days earlier. In fact, Mozart died December 5 and was Austrian. "We should like to take this opportunity," the paper said, "to apologize to the composer's family."





MOORE'S UTOPIA

Twenty-three-year-old Dianne Moore believes in the power of positive thinking. "I love modeling and acting," she explains, "because I enjoy being as warm

and inviting as possible. Being attractive makes it real easy to get acceptance, but my top priority is being happy with myself—inside and out."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS







"It's great to go to the gym and ride my bike," Dianne says, "but the best thing in the world is to fix a home-cooked meal for my man, dress up in sexy clothes, and act out my plan of seduction."

"Downtime is important to me," says 36-23-34
Dianne. "I know how to have fun—I once went to the mall in my
pajamas on a dare! If I *really* had time to
spare, though, I'd go back to school and learn Japanese."







"One night my boyfriend and I ripped each other's clothes off on the beach and made love. What made it even more exciting was that there was another couple watching!"







Mangled, blood-spattered bodies usually didn't bother Peter Gilbert. Long steeled to gory executions, he had wantonly killed several people, either with a shotgun, a snub-nosed revolver, or his hands. These "hits," in fact, had become very mechanical for him, just part of his workaday world. As a 40-year-old "wise-guy soldier" in Providence, he had no time for emotions—not his victims' or his own. The beefy, cocaine-addicted Gilbert simply had to carry out orders ruthlessly, without surrendering to the doubts that plagued him.

Outwardly tough and as cocksure as a bantam rooster, the acid-tongued Gilbert was much like a tormented spy who's played the espionage game for years, only secretly wanting to come in from the cold. A heavily bearded man with intense, somber eyes, he showed no signs of wanting to break free from the Company. Instead, he played the ultimate con game. He came across as the affable, ever-dependable mob loyalist. Quiet, and never too flashy or boastful, he was known for hanging out in Italian restaurants with the boys and only an occasional platinum-blond babe.

Gilbert presumably would have gone on with this double life; the money was good and he was able to be the devoted provider, both to his wife and his ailing mother. But everything changed for him and local law enforcement one icy night in February 1985.

While he stood next to his blue Chevy in a Providence alley, a fellow gang member joked, "Come on, Pete. Joey told me to give you a hand, so open that trunk."

Obedying, Gilbert froze in disbelief when he saw the blood-soaked head. It had been chain-sawed from the rest of the body and was lying next to the spare tire. To Gilbert's astonishment, the victim's severed limbs were also strewn about. The legs were chopped into a half-dozen pieces and dangling out of brown paper bags, while the tattooed arms were burned and still smelled heavily of lye. This corrosive agent was supposed to obliterate the macho artwork, making identification of the corpse impossible.

Yet when Gilbert saw traces of an Italian flag and the head of Christ, he knew immediately who the man was. The violated, foul-smelling flesh belonged to Joey Olivo, a 23-year-old informant to whom Gilbert had fed cocaine a few nights earlier. At that time Gilbert had handed a .22 automatic to an accomplice and watched him pump two shells into the back of Joey's skull—shots that had produced an eerie gurgling as the body writhed on the floor.

"Like I said, Joey wanted to leave you a hand, a leg . . . take whatever you want," snickered one of the men, offering Gilbert a knife. "Go on, you can help us cut him up a little more."

Turning away disgustedly, Gilbert went back to his unkempt, modestly furnished apartment—depositing a nine-millimeter automatic on a bureau—and poured himself a drink. But this was only the beginning of his walking away from violence and brutality, a life he had led for almost 30 years. Two weeks later, still thinking of Joey's mutilated body—and convinced the gang was planning his own execution—Gilbert finally succumbed to the pressures of this harrowing, acutely tenuous lifestyle. He "rolled over."

Promising to tell all about various northeast crime families, this self-confessed assassin was again the beguiling con artist, inflating his own importance to win the sweetest of deals from law enforcement. Though admitting to numerous crimes, he negotiated an unquestionably lenient sentence that was to be served rather relaxedly in protective custody.

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This cozy arrangement was nothing more than a payoff by officials who had little experience in "turning" such an informant. It thus illustrates the often laughable extremes of the government's war against the Mafia. Obsessed with nabbing a "big one," the Providence police proved to be a bunch of bungling Keystone Kops, allowing Gilbert to take unescorted skydiving lessons, to procure guns and drugs, to vacation luxuriously in Florida, and to be given \$98,000 in cash—all at taxpayers' expense.

Such high jinks have understandably ignited one of the biggest scandals in Rhode Island history—and have become a joke among police departments around the country. The case sparks bitter gallows humor since Gilbert was, instead, the "one who got away." Never testifying against any upper-echelon mob associates, he died amid rather mysterious circumstances on an isolated Connecticut road, alone and carrying nine grams of cocaine.

But law-enforcement buffoonery is only one ingredient in this tale of government waste. Besides giving us a rare

glimpse into that heart of darkness known as the underworld, the Gilbert case spotlights the equally shadowy, error-plagued nature of witness-protection programs—officialdom's fancy cover for its tainted, legally dubious "buying" of testimony. And it shows how the government's "renting" of witnesses can often backfire.

"With all the screwups, and Gilbert's conning the cops out of their jockstraps, whatever he said would have been thrown out of court immediately," says Cumberland, Rhode Island, Police Chief John Partington, who originated protective-custody programs for the U.S. Marshal's Service in the 1960s. "I've been setting up these programs for over 20 years, and I've never seen a case where everything that could've gone wrong, went wrong. The wise guys must be really laughing now, for when an in-custody killer can eat lobster, carry a gun, and buy several cars, the police look like absolute fools. The public not only got nailed to the wall here, they got really screwed."

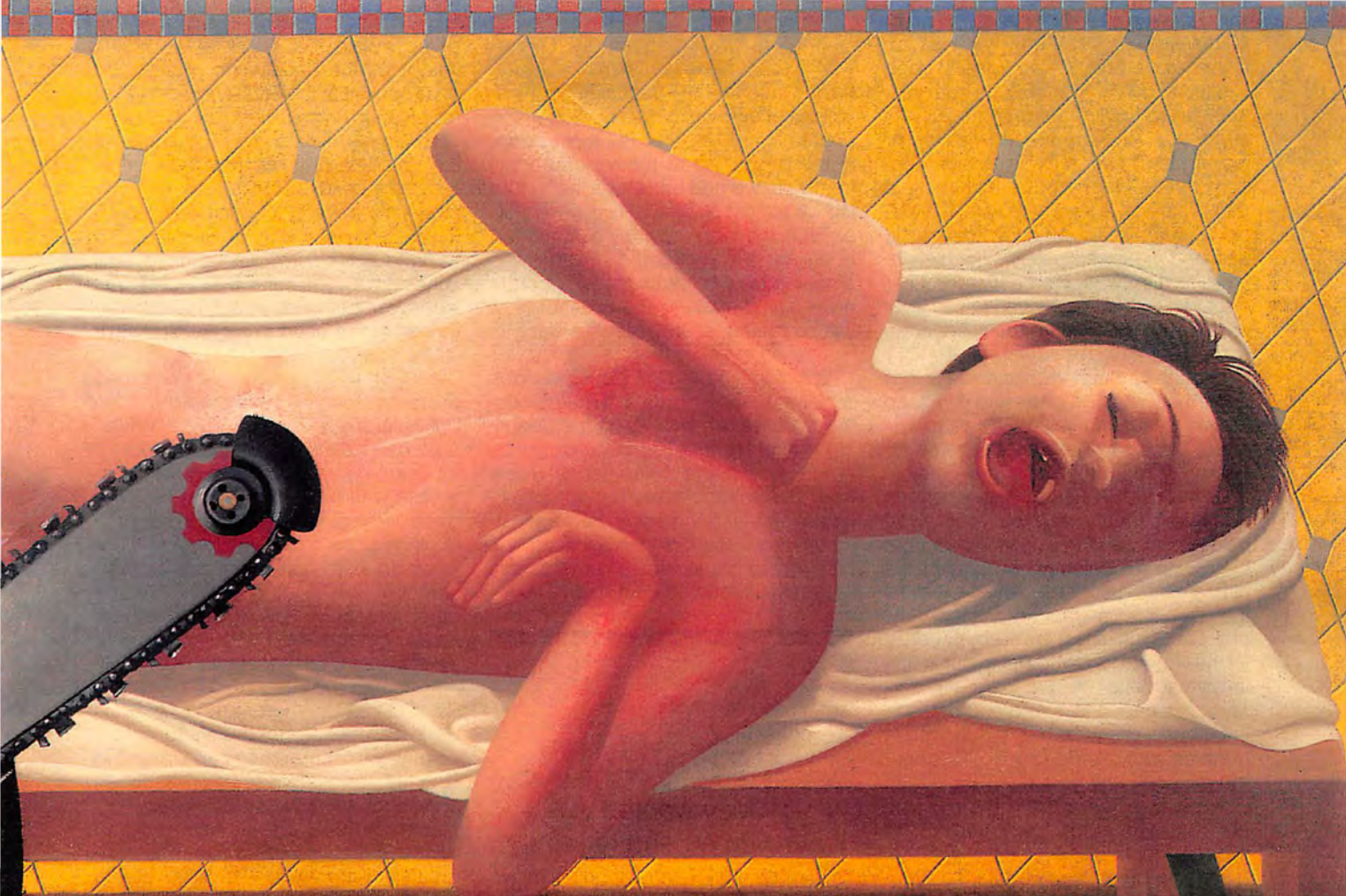
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Born in 1945, one of eight children living in a dreary, welfare-supported railroad flat, he grew up dirt-poor, sharing hand-me-downs and a bed with three brothers. His mother Dorothy had heart trouble. His father Ralph was an ex-civil servant who was often away from the house. And so to escape this cheerless milieu, young Peter—or "Pit-tou," as family members called him—scampered into a fantasy world. He invariably talked about setting his mother up in a "big, fancy house" and would tell her, "Mom, you're going to have it easy one day. I'm going to make sure you don't have to work."

But Peter also saddened her when he quit vocational school and joined a neighborhood gang. Committing various penny-ante crimes, the short, stocky teenager served several stints in boys' "training" institutions, then was busted three times for breaking and entering.

While ricocheting from one misadventure to another, Peter was also a charmer, a fast-talker with an elfin smile. He was pure silk, a big hit with the girls, and they were always crowding around him. Yet his ingratiating style would prove even more crucial once he left Pawtucket to pursue "success" in the storm-tossed world of violent, supposedly "organized," crime.

Using numerous aliases—most often Peter Gerard and James Harold Cassidy—Gilbert roamed around the East Coast during the seventies and eighties, hefting a magnum rifle and rapid-fire pistols. His M.O. was quite predict-



ARTICLE

BY EDWARD KIERSH

Peter Gilbert was a ruthless mob assassin, but he

HIT

drew the line at chain-saw murders. So he made a

MAN'S

deal with Rhode Island prosecutors and ignited one

HOLIDAY

of the greatest police scandals in recent history.

PAINTING BY WILSON McLEAN

Mangled, blood-spattered bodies usually didn't bother Peter Gilbert. Long steeled to gory executions, he had wantonly killed several people, either with a shotgun, a snub-nosed revolver, or his hands. These "hits," in fact, had become very mechanical for him, just part of his workaday world. As a 40-year-old "wise-guy soldier" in Providence, he had no time for emotions—not his victims' or his own. The beefy, cocaine-addicted Gilbert simply had to carry out orders ruthlessly, without surrendering to the doubts that plagued him.

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of Captain Morgan Spiced Rum.

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refreshing flavor turns rum drinks
into new adventures in taste.



Puerto Rican Rum with
Produced by Captain
Morgan Rum Co., Baltimore, MD © 1991
spice and other natural flavors • 35% Alc. by Vol. (70 Proof)

able: He'd break into houses, rob stores at gunpoint, steal a car, and load up on coke (usually about eight injections a day). A virtual nomad, going nowhere other than to fast-food joints and cheap motels that featured triple-X movies, he committed numerous heists in central Florida and pulled additional burglaries in Maine. He'd then return to Rhode Island, the prodigal, loving son, inevitably flashing \$100 bills at his mother.

"Whenever Pete came into the house, he looked to see if the refrigerator needed food. . . . He was very caring," insists Gilbert's older brother Roland. "If he saw a kid begging, he'd give him \$10, \$15. . . . He was a sad kind of guy, and he had a real bad temper. Yet he still had an affectionate side to him. He constantly tried to do stuff for us."

Between 1981 and 1983, Gilbert was again drawn to Florida. Calling the state "a land of opportunity," he settled down a bit, marrying a sassy woman named Debra and fathering a girl, Kiya, now eight. But Gilbert continued to commit crimes—and to get caught. In 1983 he received a 15-year Florida sentence for seven counts of assorted burglaries and thefts. Even before the sentence was passed, however, he sweet-talked guards and escaped from a recreational area in a Hernando County jail.

On the run, alone and desperate, Gilbert returned to familiar Rhode Island to plunge even deeper into a maelstrom of violence. Hooking up with a murder and drug ring purportedly connected to New England Mafia chieftains, he became a vital cog in a coke and heroin operation for two years. Plus, whenever the word was given, either because a real or imaginary threat surfaced, he knew what was routinely expected of him—he'd have to kill.

As a paid assassin—drug courier, Gilbert led a rather restricted, predictable life. He customarily hung out at a garish restaurant with red imitation-leather booths, where his new pals would spend the night bad-mouthing enemies. At other times he headed for Queens, New York, to pick up shipments of drugs. These purchases brought the gang a handsome profit (transactions usually netted a 40 to 60 percent surplus on their investment). Law-enforcement officials insist that the entire operation was one of the largest in the state.

But as Gilbert discovered, with drug money comes paranoia. Informants, at least to his worried associates, loomed everywhere. They trusted no one. And as their suspicions multiplied, the most innocent, offhand remark prompted fears of betrayal.

Gilbert's world thus grew increasingly claustrophobic. Not only was he always moving through back alleys, hur-

riedly escaping from one hangout to another, but he also realized that one errant word could be his last.

Gilbert's compatriots, however, didn't just sit idly by, waiting to be nailed. In 1984, according to Gilbert's grand jury testimony, they ordered him to kill Deputy Police Chief Richard Tamburini. Gilbert later stated that he had had no idea who he was watching, but the assassination was never attempted. Giving a new twist to the phrase "kill fee," Gilbert only received \$500 for his work.

The drug ring was allegedly far more violent later that year, when a suspected female informant was lured by Gilbert to a Massachusetts motel to do cocaine. A longtime addict, she bent down over the coke, and, as Gilbert later told the police, was strangled by one of his friends. This story was never verified, for Gilbert died before the case could be tried. Yet there's no disputing

“
Unable to perform,
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”

his flair for colorful, bloodcurdling tales that could mesmerize even the most jaded cop.

"I was fiddling with the TV [in the motel] when I heard a sharp crack and 'Come on, you . . . rat,'" Gilbert said of the wet-towel strangling. "Give me the death gurgle!"

Though Gilbert helped dump the body in a ditch, he felt the killing was unnecessary. He said he expressed his feelings to the other gang members, but when they only laughed and called him a "fuckin' softie," his doubts about palting around with them mushroomed. These misgivings continued to nag at him in early 1985, especially when it came time to waste a tattoo artist named Joseph West. Not quite ready to break from the ring, Gilbert reluctantly agreed to do the hit together with a young coke addict who was always fantasizing about becoming a "big shot" in the mob, Joey Olivo.

One February night Gilbert and Olivo arranged to meet West at a secluded highway overpass. Olivo was armed with a sawed-off shotgun, but he abruptly turned chicken. "I just can't do

it. No way. I'm getting out of here," he told Gilbert.

Letting him blabber uncontrollably, Gilbert finally told the jittery youth, "You don't do the hit—me and you—we'll both be dead."

But his urging proved useless. Olivo kept whining, talking about going straight. This forced Gilbert to take control. After greeting West and exchanging small talk, he calmly shot him in the head at point-blank range.

Unable to perform, Olivo was now seen as a "flake," someone shaky enough to turn informant. He just couldn't be trusted, certainly not after word spread that he wanted to enroll in rehab. With Olivo's fate sealed, Gilbert again served as death's messenger. After Olivo's body was gruesomely hacked apart, however, it wasn't business as usual. At least not for the typically resilient, dauntless Gilbert.

No longer able to quiet his doubts and torments, he was overwhelmed by fear—namely, that he'd be the next bloody corpse. He had ample reason to dread the worst, to be seized with panic. Shortly after the Olivo slaying, the police, acting on a tip, had busted into his apartment, where they discovered him with a gun, syringes, and a hefty supply of drugs. And as Gilbert sat there, watching the phalanx of cops rifling through his belongings, he *knew* who was responsible for the raid. He was sure the gang had set him up, that his own execution was in the offing.

Feeling trapped, Gilbert made his move. "Guys, if you can promise me . . . I can really tell you a few things," he said, smiling impishly at the police. "I can lay it all out. . . ."

It was again time to do some fast talking. To spin a blood-soaked tale that not only "conned the police out of their jockstraps," but also threw an entire law-enforcement apparatus into scandal and convulsions.

"We thought we had a key player, a guy who could clear up a lot of crimes and also lead us to the real higher-ups in the mob," says a top-ranking Rhode Island police official. "We were dazzled by what he said, no question about it. We had never conducted this type of witness-protection program before, and we just got carried away thinking we had someone who could open doors for us. Some detectives might have felt they were in a movie, that this would be the hit of their careers. But you have to remember that this Gilbert was no ordinary guy in a black hat. He had lived by his wits all his life and was very smooth, the smoothest."

Many Rhode Island officials would be seduced by Gilbert's beguiling charms. But perhaps his most important conquest was then state attorney general Arlene Violet. In 1985 she needed to be convinced that Gilbert



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could reveal the mob's ugliest secrets, and that's exactly the hustle that this P. T. Barnum played. Duly contrite and invariably flashing a winning smile, he promised to testify against various drug lords and to help convict other hit men. In return for his cooperation, Violet agreed to his serving a minimal ten-year sentence for second-degree murder in protective custody.

As part of that arrangement, Gilbert could have been sentenced to a local prison, or at least placed with federal marshals in a witness-protection program. (This type of custody severely curtails a prisoner's activities, as deputies live with the witness in a safe house at an annual cost of \$16,000 per prisoner.) But Gilbert demanded—and obtained—a far more pleasurable setup. He was allowed to serve his time in the bosom of the Providence police, an indulgent group that was totally inexperienced for this job.

When the cops weren't escorting him to plush hotels—where he typically ran up room-service bills that ranged from \$500 to \$900—Gilbert lived in his own three-room, air-conditioned apartment at police headquarters, complete with a VCR, a water bed, and brown carpeting. He also enjoyed a wealth of extraordinary privileges in this setting. Besides receiving monthly checks for \$3,000 from Violet's office (the reason for these payments remains an enigma), he was given \$4,700 for 52 sky-diving trips during 1987 and 1988, was able to buy two cars and a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, and, in addition to spending \$10,000 in restaurants, was allowed to set up house with his wife and daughter.

Amid the din of Kiya's roller-skating through the police department hallways, Gilbert was usually found at a typewriter, working at some mysterious manuscript. The words didn't come easily. He'd hunch over the table, straining for insight, and often bemoan his difficulties. Disgusted, the combustible Gilbert sought relief by watching one of his favorite Freddy Krueger videos or ordering take-out food. Hardly worried about his heart condition, he cavalierly consumed huge quantities of Big Macs, Kentucky Fried Chicken, M & M's, coffee syrup, pizza, and Kraft macaroni-and-cheese dinners.

If Gilbert wanted to sightsee in Boston or Newport or go to rock concerts, he only had to say the word. He was king and was given free rein. As one detective told the bookkeepers who questioned some of Gilbert's expenses, "We gotta keep Peter Gilbert happy."

Given this carte blanche, Gilbert became an imperious, often capricious Little Caesar, in absolute control of his custodial arrangements. Indicative of these sweeping powers and freedoms, he'd customarily visit his mother in an open-top jeep without anyone monitor-

ing his movements. Concerned about his safety, she insisted he be more careful and was always asking him, "Where are your guards?" Gilbert would just laugh and flippantly reply, "I have a friend with me," as he rolled up his trousers to flaunt a gun in a leg holster. (Rhode Island paid for his .25-caliber-pistol ammunition.)

Equally astonishing was the fact that when Gilbert was guarded, either on excursions or in his apartment, he had some say over which squad members would accompany him. "He ran the detail, he called all the shots, simply because the police weren't trained to deal with a guy like him," admits Police Chief John Partington, who was asked by Providence authorities to investigate the affair. "He had no direction whatsoever, the police never let him know *they* were the boss. In a federal program, you have rules about everything, from how a detail is put together

“I have a friend with me,”
the hit man would
flippantly say, rolling up his
trousers to flaunt a
gun in a leg holster. The state
of Rhode Island
had paid for the ammunition.

to conjugal visits. But here there was nothing, so you don't have to be an expert to know things got out of hand. The police lost their identity. Fearing he wouldn't cooperate, they became one of his boys."

Gilbert's favored detectives palled around with him, yet few of them stayed on his good side for long. Prone to moody outbursts, Gilbert regularly cursed or picked fights with the guard detail—usually a squad of six men from the department's Special Investigation Bureau, a unit more adept at conducting drug and vice investigations—and pouted when he didn't get his way.

"Gilbert could be easygoing, a real fun-loving guy, but he was also a pain in the ass, always bitching and complaining," says one of the squad members. "Everything would be okay, he'd talk and talk and be real sweet, asking you about your family. Then bam! He'd turn mean, be pissed about something, and make your life miserable. He was hard to figure . . . a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

But even if Gilbert was a frightening

chameleon, a man hell-bent on abusing himself and others, guard duty in Rhode Island still had its perks. Staying in the best hotels at taxpayers' expense, this supposedly elite corps of detectives took Gilbert on at least 12 sun-kissed trips to Florida (on one occasion an officer brazenly brought his girlfriend). These idylls cost the public \$20,000, and while everyone worked on their tans, the line between captors and captive grew increasingly hazier.

As home videos that Gilbert made of these luxurious Tampa vacations reveal, he and his guards had a fun-filled time, sitting next to a swimming pool and joking around with one another. One scene shows a shirtless detective basking in the sun, his eyes closed, and Gilbert teasing him by saying, "Tough duty."

Another taped vignette is even more evocative of the bureaucratic mismanagement the entire case symbolizes. Suggesting public funds have been sorely misused, a detective puts his arm around Gilbert and coos, "The criminal-justice system . . . has been very, very good to us, Peter, huh?" (Shortly after viewing the tape, his superior moved him from intelligence to the auto squad.)

Gilbert, his wife, and his police buddies weren't the only vacationers to enjoy the state's largess. In fact, \$740 was used for the room, board, and transportation of his two rottweiler dogs. In fact, \$77 of state funds was used to buy one of the dogs an airline ticket.

With all of this, Gilbert remained the happy camper.

In total, Rhode Island spent \$169,000 while catering to Gilbert.

Despite hailing his "inside info," the state got very little for its money. Gilbert's testimony helped convict two small-time thugs of a 1985 liquor-store robbery. And he was the key witness for the prosecution against Gerald "Junior" Mastracchio, who was sentenced in 1987 to a life term for murdering a 13-year-old with a baseball bat and then throwing him off a bridge.

But that was the only help he'd ever provide.

After living in police headquarters for two and a half years, Gilbert was transferred to a "safe house" in Glocester, Rhode Island, in early 1988, where he was supposed to have a 24-hour guard. On the morning of June 11, 1988, however, those sentries were typically absent, and Gilbert jauntily left the house to go skydiving.

He must have felt particularly naughtily this day, since his mother had warned him not to go. She worried that parachuting was too dangerous, especially since he had suffered a heart attack only a month earlier. (Ignoring his doctor's advice, Gilbert had impetuously checked himself out of a hospital

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OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT ISSUE

after only a five-day stay.)

"I really don't think you should be doing things like this," she had repeatedly warned him. Gilbert only smiled and said, "I have to go. I love being up there—it's freedom, pure freedom."

He was similarly unrestrained at the safe house, where, his wife said, he ran a flourishing cocaine business. As she later related to *Providence Journal* reporter Dean Starkman, "He cut it [the cocaine], weighed it out, and bagged it up."

Gilbert was still restless, however, and eager for new adventures. And so he neatly packaged nine grams of coke, stuffed these wrappers into a gym bag, and then headed westward on Route 101 for the Woodstock, Connecticut, airport.

During that fateful two-hour trip, Gilbert had to make a short stop, and a car driven by 22-year-old John Brazil nearly banged into his. The two men exchanged words, then Gilbert menacingly chased Brazil at speeds close to 100 miles per hour, trying several times to force his car off the road.

The two cars finally careened to a halt at a remote gas station in the wilds of northeastern Connecticut. His face flushed with anger, the enraged Gilbert jumped out and attacked Brazil, but a state trooper soon intervened. During his questioning of Gilbert, he found the coke.

The virtuoso con man couldn't conjure up one last hustle. Instead, a pained expression filled his brooding eyes as he groped for a vial of pills. Swallowing one of them did him little good. Wildly clutching his chest, he slumped to the ground, and, after two feeble kicks, expired.

But even in death, Gilbert, the sensitive killer, remained paradoxical. For this wily fast-talker was hardly silenced, since many aspects of his case continue to raise troubling questions about the authorities.

Officialdom now looked terribly foolish. Racketeering, or RICO, indictments against drug-ring members had to be dropped once the state lost its key witness. And since this was clearly embarrassing, the authorities launched a bungling, almost laughable attempt at a cover-up.

In June 1989, Rhode Island officials insisted that financial records pertaining to Gilbert's "protection" had been spared in an office-building fire. By October, however, when the media demanded to examine these vouchers, the state's story changed: All the receipts had been destroyed.

This announcement was soon clarified. The documents were waterlogged, coated with asbestos, and useless. Now they were only "basically destroyed," but still unavailable.

Then, quite miraculously, it was dis-

covered that the records hadn't been in the same room as the office fire. They had merely been "misplaced" for a few weeks, and were suddenly open to scrutiny.

While this charade unfolded, the public was treated to a three-ring circus of police demotions, the usual demand for "special" probes, and officials calling one another names.

Most prominent was the criticism of Attorney General James O'Neil (Violet's successor), who criticized the police for mishandling Gilbert's confinement. In actuality, O'Neil's office had approved the entire witness-protection program and blithely paid Gilbert's bills without examining expense vouchers. An investigation of Gilbert's custodial arrangements was subsequently ordered.

Providence law enforcement fell into utter disgrace—and not only with the public. Unable to guarantee an informant's secrecy and safety, city officials

6

Staying in the best hotels at taxpayers' expense, the supposedly elite corps of detectives took the former hit man on at least 12 sun-kissed trips to Florida.

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gave criminals little reason to come forth.

As Harvard law professor and former U.S. assistant attorney general Philip Heymann says, "Even the bad guys want and need security. Law enforcement has to set up rules in these protection programs right away. . . . A good prosecutor tells the criminal, 'This is the nature of the game, and if you don't play it my way, you're going to jail.'"

Yet as the scandal underscored, the local police had haplessly tried to wing it for almost three years. Unlike strict federal marshals and their closely monitored programs, city authorities never formulated any written guidelines concerning Gilbert's supervision. This ad hoc approach virtually assured screwups and, as one embarrassing disclosure led to another, the city had no other choice but to play into the underworld's hands.

And the controversy refused to die. New questions arose about the Gerald Mastracchio conviction, since it was revealed that Gilbert had lied to a grand jury. In an apparent attempt to picture

himself as an independent, "unbought" witness, he had sworn under oath, "I have a 24-hour guard, seven days a week. I live in a cell-block area, there are three locked doors with an armed guard, and I have no access to the outside world."

This testimony not only tainted Gilbert's credibility, but doubts were also raised about the prosecutors' knowledge of Gilbert's lies.

Mastracchio's attorney, Dale G. Anderson, filed a motion for a new trial, alleging that the prosecutors "knew or had reason to believe" that Gilbert lied and that the state failed to divulge the full extent of Gilbert's deal to the defense team. It seemed as if the state had deliberately staged a cover-up. At press time, Anderson's motion was still pending.

When the government is willing to go this far to secure indictments, Harvard criminal-law professor Alan Dershowitz fears, "All types of secret payoffs can be made to secure a witness's cooperation. The government can sweeten or poison a deal, depending on how a witness responds. And that can definitely lead to an informant's 'enhancing' his evidence.

"Because these deals are usually not in the open," continues Dershowitz, "the evidence is impugned, and I call these witnesses either 'bought' or 'rented.' I know witness protection is used in most civilized countries, yet a deal is still a function of the program—and prosecutors don't tell juries how witnesses are subtly influenced to give the 'right' testimony."

Denying that deals generally degenerate into payoffs or bribes of witnesses, Professor Heymann insists that witness-protection programs are a "vital weapon" against secretive criminal organizations. "The government could not begin to make cases against well-organized groups without using insiders and the incentives of a deal," he says. "It's simply a necessity, one which is protected by cross-examination or the good sense of a jury. While there are excesses—and I'm sure it happens that an informant lies to keep himself out of jail—a good prosecutor won't let this happen. He knows juries are very savvy about testing a witness's honesty and that juries won't permit giveaways."

Despite Heymann's optimism, the structuring of witness-protection deals continues to ignite debate. The public finds it difficult to understand why criminals are rewarded with money, cars, and houses in exchange for testimony. And while some juries might be skeptical of Gilbert-style payoffs, Columbia University Law School Vice-Dean Vivian Berger says, "Witnesses against the mob are still being paid off these days. Sweetheart deals have become a part of American justice." 



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PATRIOTISM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

our blessings," and it's important that we identify the particular blessings on which to focus. If we ask ourselves what's best about contemporary America—and what's most salient in the American national experience—the answer turns on the same fundamental fact that draws so many newcomers to these shores: The American Dream is alive and well. It is real and constant—it is not a myth, and it is not a happy piece of distant history.

This, in other words, remains a society with fewer barriers to opportunity and success than any other in civilization's long history. America remains a land where virtually everything is possible, where upward mobility is an altogether legitimate expectation, where barriers based on class, race, creed, and national origin have been eliminated to a degree unprecedented in any great nation. And no sacrifice in terms of, say, ethnic identification or religious practice is expected as a quid pro quo for making it.

The rewards bestowed on those who work hard and manifest genuine talent are boundless. In recent years alone, a refugee from religious persecution in Nazi Germany, Henry A. Kissinger, rose to the office of secretary of state. An immigrant from China, A. N. Wang, created one of the nation's leading computer empires. A black graduate of the City College of New York, General Colin Powell, currently heads the American armed forces. Indeed, the list of those who rose to the top from humble origins—smashing any and all perceived barriers—is virtually endless.

Consider, also, the winners of the most recent Westinghouse Science Competition for talented high school students. The list, which reads like a miniature United Nations roll call, is a roster of recent immigrants—from Russia, China, Korea, Vietnam, Eastern Europe, and Africa. By dint of diligence and aptitude, young people who've been in this country no more than a couple of years—and who still speak English in the accents of their native lands—have been awarded keys to futures brighter than those their wildest dreams would have allowed them to imagine.

A society capable of absorbing newcomers in this fashion has to be blessed with rare strength and self-confidence. And this self-confidence has created internal resilience. That's what makes it possible for free political debate to flourish here, and for full freedom of expression to thrive.

Was it a sign of weakness that far-reaching debate and rare soul-searching preceded the January congressional decision to authorize the use of

force in the gulf? To the contrary, only a nation sure of its values could have permitted so open an expression of dissent on the eve of a major armed conflict. Only a nation confident that its citizenry and its leaders would rally to the cause—no matter what their initial views on the wisdom of going to war—could have allowed a debate of the kind that took place.

No one feared for the survival of the Republic as a consequence of public dissent. We live in a nation committed—again, on a level unprecedented in history—to protecting the civil liberties of even those who oppose democracy itself. Such is our confidence in our institutions and our national ideals.

Moreover, we live in a society prepared to confront and acknowledge past error. This is exceedingly rare, even in genuine democracies. Yet the popular culture here regularly includes widely acclaimed films and plays about

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the darkest moments in recent American history. The internment of the nisei (Japanese-Americans) during World War II was the topic of one recent film. That film was produced on the heels of a congressional decision to pay reparations to those who were interned, and to their descendants—in apology for the indefensible wartime order to send Japanese-Americans to camps in the western desert.

Many are the films and plays that treat the excesses of the McCarthy-era "Red Scare." The Irwin Winkler film *Guilty by Suspicion*, with Robert De Niro, is but the most recent such enterprise.

A society capable of admitting error, of acknowledging behavior that fails to conform to the ideals that define America, has to be built on a firm foundation. Thus, the extraordinary tolerance that informs American political discourse. Thus, the willingness to allow critics of the war to mass on the steps of the Capitol in Washington and denounce American policy while our troops are in the field. And thus, the optimism that leads most Americans to believe—even in the face of economic setbacks—that

no domestic problem is so big that we can't somehow devise a way to deal with it.

We live in a society capable of bouncing back. America's current encounter with greatness, after all, represents a return—after a period of nearly two decades—from the depths of despair.

Recall the bicentennial of 1976. For all the tall ships and proud flags, it was a hollow affair, a joyless celebration at a less than optimistic historical moment. The Vietnam experience had called into question nearly everything we thought we stood for—freedom, rectitude, armed might. No longer was it clear that America aroused the admiration and envy of the world. Instead, we seemed to constantly provoke disdain and even hatred.

And, of course, the Watergate affair raised doubts here at home about the integrity of our political system. Still, the 1976 celebration went forward. Eventually, our determination to put a black period behind us was crowned with success.

Now we stand at a kind of pinnacle. No nation is stronger. No nation enjoys such universal admiration. No nation draws nearly as many would-be immigrants. Patriotic fervor is altogether appropriate.

An intelligent patriotism would endeavor to safeguard the core elements of the American Dream over the next decade. First and foremost, we need to protect the twin principles of opportunity and mobility. Americans and potential Americans need to know that this remains a land where anything in the way of achievement is possible; where there are no major barriers to the advancement of those who work hard and demonstrate aptitude; where people are judged as individuals, not in accordance with race or creed or ethnicity or gender.

The threat here comes, in large measure, from those who would transform the principle of affirmative action into reverse discrimination—from those who believe in racial and other quotas. Apportioning rewards on the basis of race or ethnicity, even if prompted by an interest in redressing past discriminations, has the inevitable effect of denying opportunity on the same basis. Such practices run counter to the values that define the American Dream; they undermine Martin Luther King, Jr.'s vision of a society in which men and women are judged "not by the color of their skin, but by the content of their character." Whether we see ourselves as a "melting pot" or as pieces of a "gorgeous mosaic," America needs to remain a nation of individuals—a land where people succeed or fail in accordance with their own private gifts and flaws.

An intelligent patriotism would also

Rick Ireton rode a wave
all the way to the bank.

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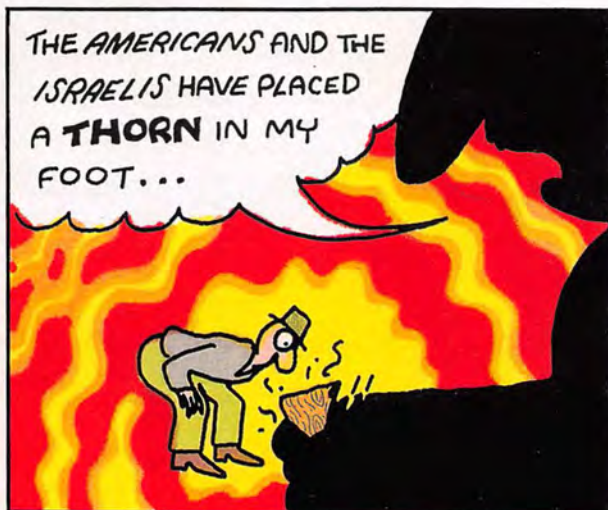
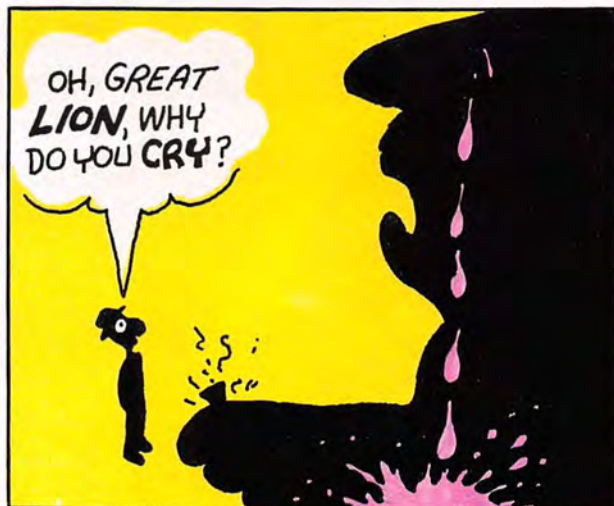
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INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING

BY BILL LEE



safeguard dissent and free expression, particularly in the academy. Sadly, university campuses throughout the country have become citadels of intolerance. "Politically correct" thinking is the order of the day. From Duke to Stanford to the state universities of New York, Western culture and democratic values are mocked and heckled.

Students, teachers, and visiting speakers—save for the bravest—fear the implications of failing to conform to new political norms. "Codes of conduct"—barring racist, sexist, homophobic, and other ostensibly retrograde forms of speech—have been introduced on campuses.

The traditional curriculum itself is under assault. "Eurocentrism"—the teaching of the classics of Western culture, from Plato to Shakespeare to John Locke—is denounced by students and faculty as inherently racist. The chant "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go" was first aired at Stanford. Now, however, the tendency to crusade against the study of books and art works by "D.W.E.M.s" (dead white European males) is standard fare at major universities.

The push for an Afro-centric curriculum, in place of the traditional course of study, is also a national phenomenon. Its advocates readily admit that their purpose is less to teach than to raise the self-esteem of non-white students. In other words, the search for academic truth is being replaced by a quest to make students feel better about themselves. The result of this quasi-therapeutic approach to teaching is a form of ethnic cheerleading.

The entire phenomenon is characterized by marked intolerance. Opposing views are derided as racist. And insofar as academic institutions are crucial to keeping the American Dream a reality, the advent of intellectual intolerance and disrespect for free inquiry on our campuses is a blow to that dream. Here, then, is another item that belongs on the intelligent patriot's agenda for the nineties: safeguarding freedom of expression on campuses and ensuring the survival of the traditional curriculum—at least for those who want to pursue it.

But let's bear in mind how much is already in place, how many blessings we have to count. We live not just in the earth's richest country, but in its most generous. While our sheer size and diversity create near-terrifying social problems—including the appearance of a massive urban underclass—no one disputes the obligation of society at large to feed, clothe, and shelter people who don't or can't work. No one disputes the view that everyone is entitled to health care as a matter of right. Not that there's general agreement on how to address certain very real social crises such as the presence of the

mentally ill and the homeless in the streets of large cities, the multigenerational welfare-dependency cycle, growing illiteracy, and high crime.

But few doubt that America will produce answers and policies and programs. Few doubt that America will preserve its internal resilience, its commitment to broad individual liberties, and its determination to keep open opportunity a fact of life. Thus, the immigrants will continue to arrive. The economy, in all likelihood, will adjust and expand.

If the renewed confidence in our national prospects requires anything to sustain it over the next decade, it's good leadership. Political leaders guided by an understanding of the na-

tion's immediate needs—set in the larger context of the American Dream—sometimes seem few and far between. But such men and women do appear.

Those who feared that George Bush wouldn't rise to the occasion when tested by fire have been proven profoundly wrong. This wasn't the first time that the American people underestimated their leader. And it won't be the last.

The system works, the dream is constant, the values firm, the future promising. We have a lot for which to be grateful. Good reason to be proud. And much to safeguard. That's not a bad way to head into the twentieth century's final decade. For Americans, patriotism makes sense. 



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SEX

Smart

Parents who say
that sex
education belongs
in the home
are also those
least likely
to provide it.

By B. D. Colen

Almost a year ago, New York City School Chancellor Joseph A. Fernandez opened his office window and released a glorious trial balloon. To the horror of the city's religious shepherds and their woolly headed lambs, the trial balloon turned out to be a condom. Fernandez was proposing that the city's high schools respond to the epidemics of AIDS and teenage pregnancy by providing condoms on demand. Parental consent would not be required.

Initially, it looked as though the board of education would accept Fernandez's proposal. Then, members of the board appeared to be buckling under the opposition—which was led by John Cardinal O'Connor, the Arbiter of Ethics of the Five Boroughs—before finally coming around and adopting the plan. But rather than question the plan, board members and parents might well have asked the chancellor where he's been all these years. Doesn't Fernandez know that every teenage male owns a pet condom? It is acquired at some time between the 11th and 14th birthdays

and carried with pride in the teenager's wallet. The condom is displayed—dozens of times—to other young males as part of ritualistic, grossly chauvinistic discussions of sexual prowess.

It's easier to get condoms today than when I was a kid. They're out front in drugstore display racks, right next to the disposable lighters and breath mints, instead of behind the counter. But you still have to *hand* the damn things to the cashier, of course, who is always either some bright-eyed 16-year-old girl or a woman older than God.

While the act of obtaining a condom may be an integral part of growing up, using one is not. And that's why Joseph Fernandez's idea is a good one—not only for New York, but for every high school in the country. Conservative religious leaders, who have been dismally unsuccessful at dampening the flames of teenage lust, insist that the distribution of free condoms in high schools will suggest to kids that adults approve of recreational sex and "immoral behavior."

Actually, handing out condoms alerts

teenagers to the fact that adults disapprove of their having *unprotected* sex. The only message it sends is: Be responsible—protect yourself and protect your partner.

Giving a student a piece of molded latex doesn't encourage them to have sex. Instead, what it tells teenagers is that condoms and sex should be synonymous. You don't have sex without using a condom. No one in a position of authority is going to be telling the students that they *should* have sex or that promiscuity is cool. What they are going to be told is, "If you're going to ignore all of our advice and scare tactics, *at least* be responsible in the way that you conduct your sex life."

There is absolutely no question, at least initially, that the majority of the free condoms distributed in high schools will not be used for their intended purpose. Many will be used as water balloons; even more will go sailing through the air in classrooms and auditoriums. Some will have funny faces drawn on them. Experiments in a handful of other school districts around the nation have shown that pro-

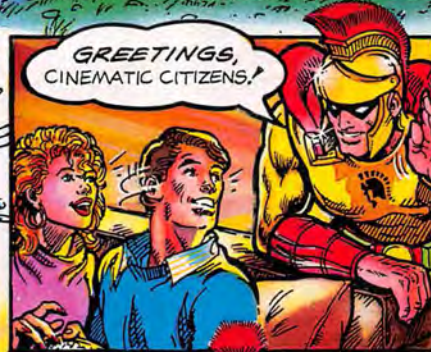
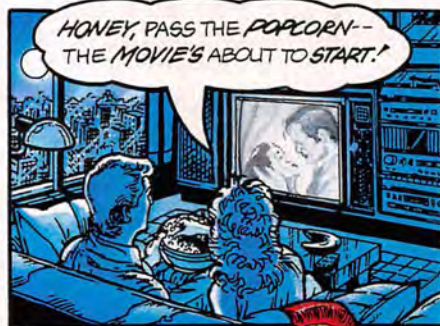
viding condoms to students gets mixed results—some use them, but some don't.

But even if only a small number of these condoms are used for their intended purpose, the experiment has the earmarks of success. After all, these are teenagers who would otherwise be having intercourse without the use of condoms, and therefore would be exposing themselves and their partners to possible H.I.V. infection. They would also be fueling the skyrocketing V.D. and teen-pregnancy rates.

Parents who say that "sex education belongs in the home" are 100 percent correct. It does. But those who most fervently believe this are also those who are least likely to provide it.

So, rather than trying to pop Joseph Fernandez's trial balloon, the parents and church leaders who think *their* children can be insulated from the reality of today's world would do well to come to grips with what teenagers are doing—and have *always* been doing—and remember that every used condom represents a prevented pregnancy, abortion, or early death. O—

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BY GERARD
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ROAD DEVIL

Lamborghini calls its new automobile the Diablo, and with good reason. Designed by Marcello Gandini, the man who gave the world the Countach, the Diablo is easily one of the greatest cars in the world today. It boasts a V-12 elec-

tronic-ignition engine that produces 485 horsepower. Top speed? A mere 202 miles per hour, with a zero-to-60 time of four seconds. Price? If you have to ask . . . You might think seeing is believing, but even after seeing the Diablo, you won't believe it.



DISGRACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

It was then that the word spread from superiors to Jewish soldiers that they should delete the letter *J* from their dog tags, or at least have it changed to "nondenominational." The press discovered and reported this shameful advice, whereupon the Army's Senate Liaison Office, while confirming that such word had been passed to Jewish GIs, insisted that it was done only on a "unit-to-unit" basis, not under Pentagon orders.

Secretary Cheney confirmed the Liaison Office explanation while denying that Army policy dictated dog-tag alterations. He also mentioned the possibility that unit commanders had proposed concealment to Jewish soldiers for their own protection in case they were captured.

This was unrelated, of course, to orders handed to chaplains, Christian and Jewish, to conceal their religious insignia when in public inside the kingdom. In August Secretary Cheney also explained why he took no exception to the instruction. "They are a very traditional society," he said. "They have certain standards and norms . . . and I think we have to respect their culture as they respect ours." (Do they?)

The truth is that Washington preferred to remain blind to Saudi human-rights violations. A State Department travel advisory floating around at the time contained this, verbatim: "Public or private non-Muslim religious activities are not permitted and importation of non-Islamic religious materials, including Christmas cards or trees, is illegal. Persons wearing non-Islamic religious symbols in public may be arrested by the authorities in charge of propagation for virtue and prevention of vice." Asked to describe Defense Department policy on religious services for troops in Saudi Arabia, a key press-liaison officer pleaded the subject was "off-limits."

"We keep a low profile, yes, but we do minister to the religious needs of all faith groups," said Lieutenant Commander Barby Wilson, a Navy chaplain and Protestant minister. "Thirty worship services a week. We don't publicize those services. We are not supposed to put up printed announcements or prayer schedules."

To make matters worse, the Army forbade chaplains to use religious terms to describe worship services. "We don't hold mass or Holy Communion or even prayers," one chaplain reported to *The Washington Post* in December 1990. "We are not even chaplains. We are 'morale officers' who are permitted to

hold 'fellowship meetings.' " In keeping with its expedient attitude, the Army enjoined chaplains from carrying sacramental wines across the border, instructing them to surrender the mild drink to Saudi Customs guards.

One booklet published by the Pentagon cravenly recited 24 "sensitive" subjects that soldiers should avoid, including showing pictures of a crucifix or a Star of David, discussing the U.S.-Israeli alliance, or commenting on women's rights and moral standards. (There goes another freedom!)

The Anti-Defamation League condemned the fear-stricken pamphlet as offensive to democratic principles and religion. "It should be recalled immediately," said the league, as violative of free speech and religious rights. It's "a dangerous attempt to placate the Arab world at the expense of Israel and Jews everywhere."

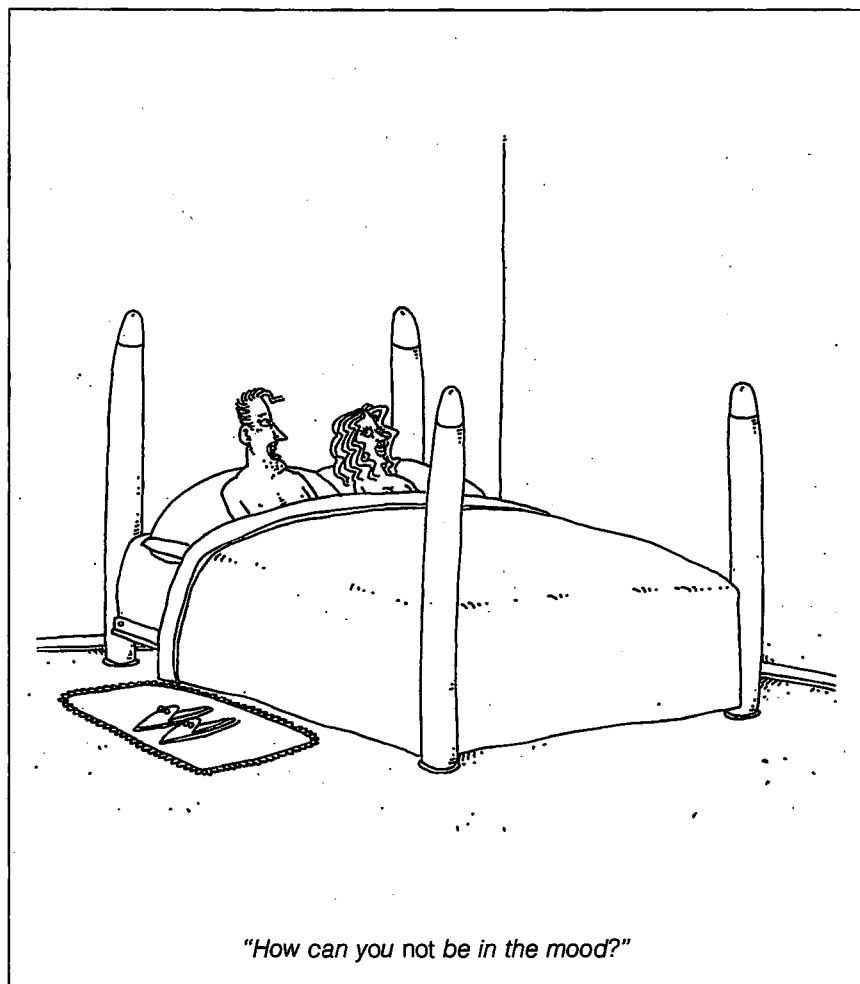
Apparently, there is neither limit nor logic to Saudi religious prejudice. A reader of the pamphlet, an American, says that a Saudi general once severely reprimanded him for using asterisks in his typed report—because they are six-pointed like the Star of David. A soldier accurately summed up the shocking situation in a typically colorful way. "We're risking our lives saving Saudis," he said, "and they won't even let us have a beer."

Saudi officials do indeed ignore troop violations—as long as they are kept very private. They even permit religious articles to be shipped into the country, so long as there are no markings on the outside of the package revealing its contents. But it is the U.S. Army that wrongfully warns soldiers not to carry a Bible outside their compound, and to hide their cross or Star of David under their uniform.

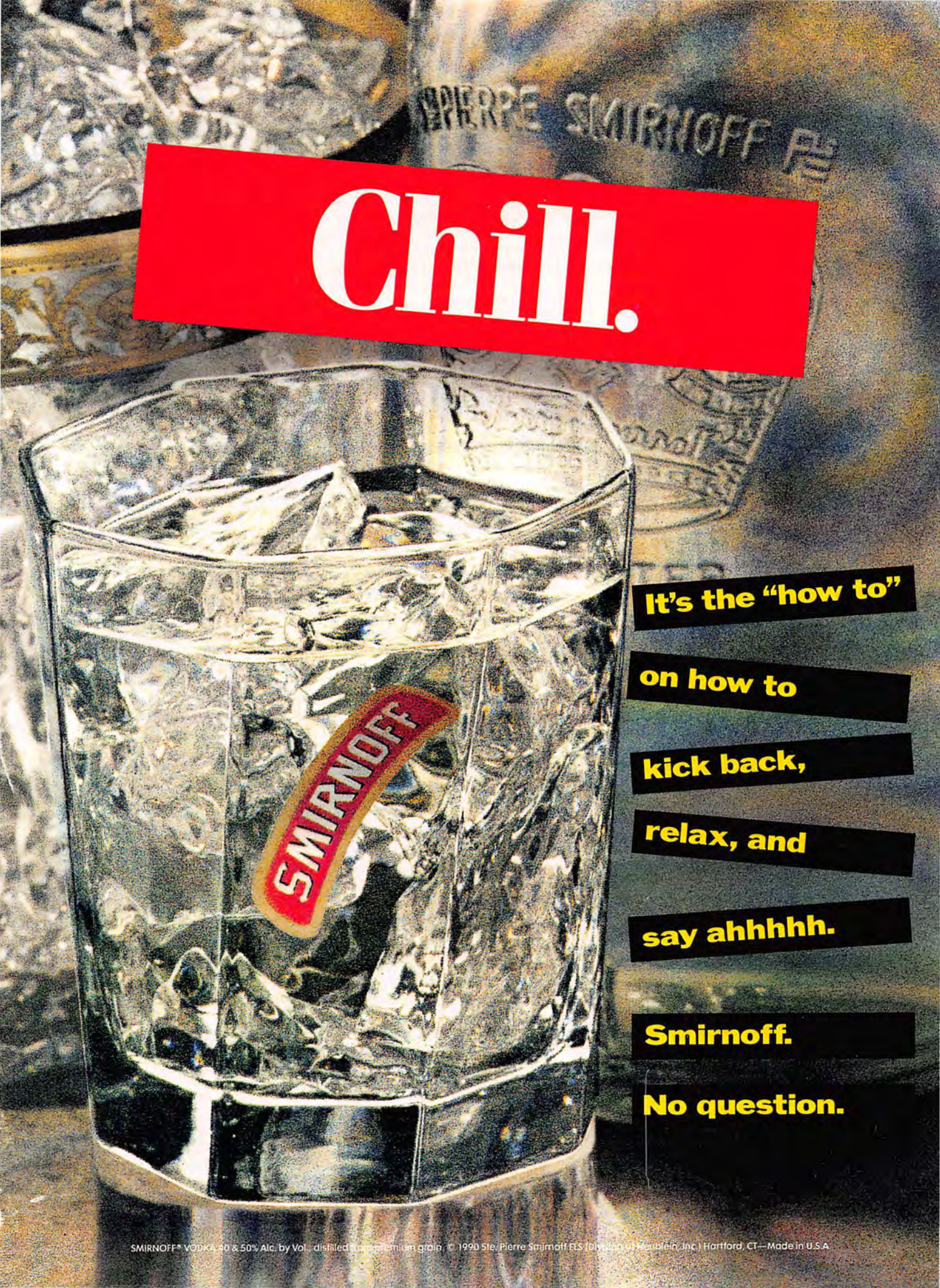
In September 1990 *The Jerusalem Post* reported that Rabbi Ben Romer, assigned to the Saudi kingdom to conduct High Holiday services, became the first and only Jewish chaplain to be sent to the desert kingdom. No wonder U.S. Defense Department spokesman Major Douglas Hart said, "Worship services will be conducted within covered shelters or private settings, far from view of any Saudis."

Despite it all, Jewish servicemen celebrated the first night of Hanukkah in December 1990. But they were kept behind closed doors, shielded even from the news media, to avoid offending the Saudis. Ironically, Jews commemorate Hanukkah to remind themselves that despotism dies when people fight to protect their freedom.

The most furtive case of organized prayer, as reported in *The New York Times*, told of a Jewish celebration known as "Morale Service 7" that was held in the eastern part of the Saudi kingdom. To get to it, the participants were compelled "to hitchhike to a



"How can you not be in the mood?"



Chill.

It's the "how to"

on how to

kick back,

relax, and

say ahhhhh.

Smirnoff.

No question.

chaplain's office at an air base, and then be escorted in a shaded car to a secret location with armed guards."

Major Hart revealed in November that the Pentagon had *negotiated* an approval for the Christmas holiday permitting American troops to receive Christmas cards. The consent, however, explicitly reminded members of the military that Christmas celebrations were to be low-key. In the same story, made public by *The Washington Times*, it was revealed that President Bush's No. 1 country singer, Lee Greenwood, had canceled his Persian Gulf tour because he could not sing his signature tune, "God Bless the U.S.A."

But why be surprised? According to Pentagon regulations, openly religious songs or sermons were, and still are, barred from armed forces radio and television. The madness goes beyond that. American reporters interviewing GIs who were busily preparing Christmas celebrations learned that the soldiers had been warned by their superiors to avoid holy hymns. They were to substitute secular carols such as "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer" and "Jingle Bells." "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful" was a no-no.

Before the holiday Bob Hope had announced that he had agreed to present Christmas and New Year's programs for our troops deployed in the Persian Gulf. He aborted the plan, however, after learning of the restrictions that would be placed on the shows' content. Hope's usual routine, he was told, would irritate Saudi propriety. To bring in his show, the famous comedian had to leave out his female troupers (except for his wife Dolores) and kill jokes about their costumes. One wonders about Saudi common sense and our own leadership's integrity for letting this happen.

If Saudi attitudes are understandable to anyone, it is only because the kingdom also approves of its religious policemen swatting unveiled Saudi women with whipping sticks. Mary McGrory, the Washington columnist, angered by the holiday prohibitions, said it well. "If American soldiers want to celebrate Christmas," she wrote, "they must do it discreetly. We mustn't upset the Saudis, you see, while we are saving them." McGrory mused about the Saudi kingdom's hair-trigger sensitivities, thinking it strangely inconsistent for a land that "hangs, stones, and beheads lawbreakers."

The Iraqi dictator's regulations were no different in this regard from those of our Saudi coalition partner. An American chaplain in Saudi Arabia commented sarcastically that CNN, broadcasting from Baghdad about Sunday services, described chaplains as "morale counselors." "No viewer," he said, "could tell whether the TV correspondent in Iraq was explicitly abiding by

that nation's restrictions against mentioning non-Islamic religions or was censored by the religious authorities."

More distressing, considering that his position automatically makes him our nation's No. 1 role model, were the actions of President Bush in November 1990. *U.S. News and World Report* told its readers that Bush, anxious to make a morale-building call on our troops in the Middle East, changed his planned Christmas visit to Thanksgiving in order to avoid affronting Saudi sensibilities. Government insiders said that hosting the President at Christmastime would have caused the Saudis embarrassing attention to the holiday.

Worst of all, to further avoid upsetting Saudi feelings during his substitute Thanksgiving trip, the President flew off to a rendezvous in a secret location in the Persian Gulf for a 15-minute religious service aboard the U.S.S. *Nassau*.

One soldier accurately summed up the shocking situation: "We're risking our lives saving Saudis," he said, "and they won't even let us have a beer."

The statement made by the President earlier in the gulf crisis makes his actions all the more surprising. At that time he was seeking national support to go in and chase Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait. The *New York Daily News* recorded his reasons for the proposed military venture. "We are there," he said, "to protect our Arab friends *and the American way of life* [*italics mine*]."

Undoubtedly, there was a sickening amount of Pentagon bending-at-the-knee to Saudi sensitivities, but precious little spine for American fundamental constitutional rights. American armed forces were fighting and dying for Saudi Arabian freedom while its feudal ruler was arrogantly suppressing theirs.

The sad truth is that a search among the national journals of America's three major faiths failed to turn up anything of substance critical of the unwillingness of our chief executive and his Defense Department to defend the religious freedom of our courageous minions. If the reason was reluctance to badger a leadership that was engaged in winning a war, something

equally important was overlooked: preserving the integrity of both the Constitution and our way of life.

When it was all done—warnings, restrictions, denials—neither Washington nor Riyadh prevailed. Countless GIs tents in the Saudi sands concealed small fabricated Christmas trees, made of plastic and decorated with battery-operated bulbs. According to *The Washington Post*, one imaginative devil dog in the First Battalion, Fifth Marines, fashioned a tree out of netting, toilet paper, and tinsel wrapping.

If our American defense establishment fails to correct this disgraceful situation before further pursuing military efforts in the Middle East, Congress should do it. Unhappily, the offending Pentagon guidelines established for our troops in the Persian Gulf stirred only small protest here at home. Fortunately, insightful segments of our press spoke out vehemently about it.

The American juggernaut was sufficiently powerful to win the war in startlingly few days, with only minimal Arab and other allied assistance. Yet our Defense Department ordered our armed forces to submit to offensive religious restrictions. The department was too intellectually weak and unprincipled to resist Saudi Arabia on a fundamental issue of religious prejudice.

To deny American soldiers their guaranteed religious rights is unnecessary, demeaning, and loathsome. In an earlier decade in this century, the American Army dishonorably segregated its military units by race—regiments were black or white. African-American sailors were restricted to the Navy's lowest echelons. Black pilots were a rarity in the United States Air Force. But the American people rebelled in anger and brought an end to the obscene armed forces racist discrimination.

The incredible Saudi intrusions upon our military's religious freedom, compounded by the obsequious submission of our Defense and State departments, must be prohibited by new legislation—or the courts, if that's the only way.

One organization in Charlottesville, Virginia, the Rutherford Institute, a self-described "nonprofit civil liberties organization," warns that unless the situation is corrected, it will take the matter to federal court. It is to be hoped that such a step will succeed if Army authorities continue to mute or altogether suppress the right of U.S. soldiers to freely practice their faith in deference to Muslim bigotry.

In short, it now remains for our Defense Department to assure that it will never again submit its proud fighting men and women to the imposed fanaticism of foreign powers, laboring under sixteenth-century prejudices, that need our help to survive. 



TENEIL

“If I want to get to know someone better, I’ll give them an obscene phone call. If there’s one thing I love, it’s shaking people up.”



CALL OF THE WILD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



After Canadian beauty Teneil graced the cover of our July 1990 issue, your overwhelming response demanded an encore appearance as Pet of the Month. "I couldn't believe how many people recognized me," the 24-year-old exclaims. "Modeling for *Penthouse* was such a thrill that I couldn't wait to do it a sec-

ond time." A native of British Columbia, Teneil embodies all the radiance of her natural surroundings. "People who've never been to Canada tend to think of it as some large, frozen wasteland," she says. "Actually, its terrain is very diverse, with some of the most breathtaking country in the world."



Teneil attributes her active social life to her unusual Ukrainian-British heritage. "My Ukrainian side makes me outgoing and lusty," she confides. "But fortunately, my British side makes me very particular about who I'm outgoing and lusty *with*."



A professional dancer who's performed in both theater and nightclub revues, Teneil keeps her 36-23-35 body in top form through long hours of rehearsal. "Putting myself through killer routines is all the exercise I need," she explains.











Teneil's found other unusual ways to keep active as well. "A male friend and I once made love in a sailboat that was still in the showroom. We rocked that boat in more ways than one!"







"I *always* tell the truth," Teneil reveals. "And if I want to get to know someone better, I'll give them an obscene phone call. If there's one thing I love, it's shaking people up." And as these photos prove, she knows a good thing when we see it.







MISS TENEIL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

OUTRAGE
CONCEAL
CHICAGO
LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS
BEAT
IT'S THE COMMAND

●Ribbons are fine, rallies are fine,
but they are no substitutes for effective
assistance from the American
people once the cheering stops.●

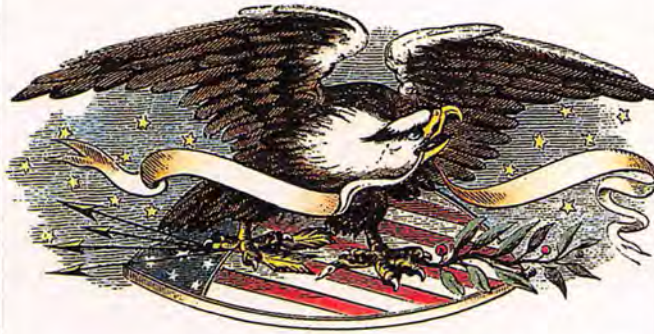
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Quite properly, this year's Fourth of July parades should be led by America's Gulf War veterans. These men and women have earned their day in the sun. They have also earned something more for themselves—as well as for America's other veterans—than overblown political rhetoric and meaningless promises. Ribbons are fine, rallies are fine, but they are no substitutes for effective assistance from the American people once the cheering stops.

In a show of bandwagon-boarding support for the troops, Congress passed a partial packet of remedial legislation for veterans of the Persian Gulf and other wars. When there is some publicity to be gained by getting on the "right" side of an issue, Congress can move swiftly. That aside, the problems facing veterans of the Gulf War and other conflicts have yet to be fully faced by the government.

Military service is a complex phenomenon, and its costs are rarely calculated in advance. Its implicit sacrifice is the basis of the social contract between those who order their fellow citizens into harm's way—we the people, through our elected representatives—and those who are expected to do their duty and obey orders. With the partial exception of World War II, the history of our country clearly indicates that, for one reason or another, we the people have reneged on that social contract. There are many reasons for this egregious behavior, but there are no valid excuses.

Today, once again, we have a golden opportunity to do right by our veterans—past, present, and future. The problems faced by each of these groups are ob-



viously somewhat different. Many World War II and Korean War vets are in dire need of suitable medical and hospital care if they are to avoid serious disease, debilitation, and untimely death. The Department of Veterans' Affairs has no more pressing problem than that of providing proper medical care to meet the emerging and oftentimes unique medical needs of America's aging veterans. To date, due to so-called fiscal necessity, not much has been done.

The medical needs of Vietnam veterans, which have been given short shrift for several decades, are coming home to roost and are further taxing the limited capacity of the D.V.A.'s medical-care system. One in five Vietnam veterans suffers from post-traumatic stress disorder. Clearly, these victims should be made whole again as soon as possible so that they can be fully productive members of our society.

The successful conclusion of Operation Desert Storm focused public attention on the men and women of the armed forces who made it possible. By doing so, the war was personalized in a way that helped to exorcise a portion of the nation's guilt in greeting Vietnam veterans with such epithets as "baby killers," "dope

crazies," and "losers." The soldiers who are ordered by competent authority to fight a war are not permitted the luxury of debating whether to do so is right or wrong. Those Americans who thought the Vietnam War was wrong did both their nation and those who fought it a disservice by blaming the warriors for the war.

First and foremost on the minds of the Gulf veterans will be the challenge to pick up their lives where they left off. In many cases this will be difficult, if not impossible. Although federal law guarantees a guardsman or reservist reemployment at his old job, it is silent on the question of what happens if that job was eliminated or the company went bankrupt during the war. And in some unions, a Guard member or reservist is out of luck if he or she didn't have enough seniority to be reinstated.

Many guardsmen and reservists are quite apprehensive about their economic and financial future, especially those who have spent the last 15 or 20 years building their own business or profession. Several doctors, for example, lamented the fact that while they were in the desert waiting to treat casualties, they were forced into personal bankruptcy back home. So far the Bush administration has treated

this as a nonproblem by leaving the individuals to fend for themselves or turn to the states for assistance.

The postwar medical needs of the gulf veterans are yet to be fully determined. Whether or not they, too, will suffer from P.T.S.D. depends on many factors—not the least of which is how quickly or well they are able to reenter civilian society. The public sense of relief at the successful outcome of Operation Desert Storm was most welcome. The genuine outpouring of emotion directed toward the U.S. military forces did wonders for the morale of the troops and their families. Yet, though the war was mercifully short, each soldier faced the constant fear of both the unknown and a violent death.

A more immediate issue is whether or not the gulf veterans are going to be sentenced to an early death from "desert lung"—respiratory diseases attributable to their prolonged exposure to the soot, smoke, and toxic fumes from the oil-well fires in Kuwait. Estimates vary, but if they are to avoid the battle of the Vietnam veterans who were exposed to Agent Orange, it is incumbent upon the government to give them a thorough and comprehensive respiratory examination at either the time of their discharge or their return from the gulf. Each veteran deserves the protection of early diagnosis and treatment or appropriate disability compensation in the future.

Dwelling on these matters is appropriate on the Fourth of July. The freedom and liberty we take for granted on this day do not come free. They cost a great deal, in fact, and a people unwilling to pay for them will not long stay free or independent.—
William R. Corson

Massive
Muscle Growth
In 6 Weeks

CYBERGENICS[®] PHASE I[™]

BEFORE



AFTER



Did you ever wonder why Top Bodybuilders were able to develop their massive physiques?...and why some people cannot?

Well, the explanation is simple. Recent reliable research clearly shows that developing the proper physical and metabolic starting point is absolutely necessary for future growth of massive muscles.

CYBERGENICS PHASE I is a comprehensive program meticulously designed by some of the top sports medical authorities, to create a metabolic foundation which creates greatly accelerated muscle growth.

It has been almost a decade since CYBERGENICS pioneered hi-tech performance nutrition with its flagship product, the TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM. Because it proved to be one of the most important sports-medical innovations of this quarter century—perhaps of all time—CYBERGENICS is generally heralded as "the premier muscle building product in the world," by both athletes and scientists alike.

While the CYBERGENICS System has been clinically verified in numerous reliable studies as "an immensely potent muscle building tool," it is often *too* advanced for those just starting out. In response to this, we have created PHASE I ANABOLIC MUSCLE BUILDING CYCLE. This revolutionary product employs the same proven muscle

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Each Cybergeneics Phase I Kit contains a Manual, an Anthropometric Chart, Step by Step instructions by Franco Santoriello on cassette and five synergistic formulas.



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building principles as the TOTAL BODYBUILDING SYSTEM, but is designed for the younger athlete, and for those who are just beginning their muscle building program.

CYBERGENICS PHASE I is a must for all serious athletes looking for fast and massive muscle growth. It contains 5 synergistic formulas based on the "anabolic matrix-alteration" theory. And include: the **Osmotic Equalizer; Anabolic Activator; Neuro-Stabilizer; Pathway Activator; and Biogenic Agent.** All the CYBERGENICS PHASE I formulas are designed to work together in a special way. The famous PHASE I Systems Manual is also included in each PHASE I system, and offers state-of-the-art guidelines on nutrition and advanced muscle building weight lifting techniques used by the pros to get and keep their massive muscular physiques. You will learn about the Zero-effort Principle, muscle tuning and programming principles, as well as the new revolutionary variable threshold stimulation (VTS) methodologies.

PHASE I is, as all CYBERGENICS products, 100% safe, 100% natural and free from any negative side-effects whatsoever. It is scientifically engineered to add massive slabs of lean dense muscle to untrained, thinner body types while concurrently decreasing bodyfat.



“We must learn to stop spouting our unconvincing rhetoric about a “color-blind” society and happily accept our nation’s most precious heritage—our cultural and racial diversity.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY CAROLINE R. JONES

The author is the president and creative director of Caroline Jones Advertising, Inc. The first Black person trained as a copywriter in the 100-year history of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency, Jones was named 1990 Woman of the Year by the Advertising Women of New York.

MINORITY CONSUMERS CAN THINK FOR THEMSELVES

There has been one unexpected and positive result from last year’s fire storm of controversy over cigarette manufacturers specifically targeting Black adults and White, blue-collar females as potential customers: People on Madison Avenue and across the nation are talking about minority consumers.

And it’s not just talk. On the one hand, there is a vigorous and legitimate discussion about the existence and value of minority consumers as consumers. Unfortunately, on the other hand, there are self-appointed vigilante groups that have taken to the streets to censor advertisements or products they don’t approve of, even going so far as to illegally paint over ads they consider offensive.

At the peak of the controversy (which, like so many “hot” subjects these days, grabbed the media’s attention for only a few weeks), it appeared that everyone wanted to get into the act—from Secretary of Health and Human Services Dr. Louis Sullivan to Senator Frank Lautenberg (D-N.J.) to various religious leaders, most notably the Reverend Calvin Butts of Harlem’s Abyssinian Baptist Church. All rushed forward to protect “these groups [that] will buy a pig in a poke,” as Senator Lautenberg described them.

The good senator was extending his protection to those female and minority consumers he viewed as “not as aware and . . . not as educated.” In other words, these were helpless targets of a manipulative advertising campaign—people who couldn’t make an intelligent decision for themselves. But when he was asked about equal protection for, say, the traditional White consumers lured by the macho image of the Marlboro man, the senator protested that *those* people “read a lot and see things and understand. . . .”

And this is where I must protest. As the president of a leading Black advertising agency, I am offended by this patronizing, even colonialist, stereotyping. Basically, these self-appointed guardians who are out to protect minorities are really saying that minorities can’t think for themselves.

The truth is that America’s 30 million African-American men and women are just as segmented by income, education, family size, buying habits, and consumption patterns as any group of people—including those living in Marlboro Country. And I’m disheartened that so small an outcry was heard from the owners of minority media, the most visible recipients of an increase in minority targeting.

It’s possible that people are afraid to take on self-appointed Big Brothers who, brandishing buckets of paint and brushes, take to the streets to eradicate any information about products they consider to be “bad for you.” But there are real and legitimate issues that should be addressed here—issues that have become clouded over by rhetoric and political grandstanding.

First of all, it’s important to understand that *all* marketers

target consumers to whom they wish to sell their products or services. Because the cost of advertising is prohibitive, ad dollars are parceled out so as to maximize their effect.

The best creative executions are designed to mirror, as closely as possible, the motivations, buying habits, and usage patterns of consumers. The more you relate to the consumers you are trying to reach, the more efficiently your dollars are spent. (Not to mention that you affect sales, and sooner.)

One would think that if all advertising professionals followed this simple discipline there would be no need to hire specialists outside of the so-called full-service agency to reach African Americans, Hispanics, Asians, or any other group. But since full-service agencies clearly do not deliver full service, such specialists do exist, and racial targeting has become another fact of today's marketing life.

Is racial targeting racist? Of course not, although at first glance it might appear to be. Because the majority of those who create, produce, and approve advertising are White, all too often the members of a target audience who don't happen to be White are excluded from such advertising. This has happened even in those cases where minority consumers are known to be heavy users of a product, or when a broad-based new product is introduced.

Like it or not, people of color come in *colors*. And as a Black American, if I don't see those colors, or hear those voices, I don't always consider the appeal to include me. Why should we "guess" that we're being invited to use the product? Intellectually, I can appreciate the message. But emotionally, I don't always feel welcome.

Look at it this way: If White people always saw ads featuring colored people, would they automatically say to themselves, "That's *me* they're talking to?"

I doubt it.

Too many manufacturers ignore real cultural and color differences when they approve advertising messages for their products. They even ignore important ethnic media outlets that could ensure a better reach and a culturally compatible editorial environment. Those who pat themselves on the back for creating a few bilingual messages still fail to acknowledge color differences when casting for their big-budget media buys.

But the proper response to the status quo is not to mindlessly protest those who would target Black and blue-collar Americans as consumers, but to encourage *more* targeting of *more* products to minorities, not less. We should pay even *more* attention to the consumer and learn why he or she is purchasing certain products or brands.

The lack of this kind of broad-based advertising leaves the impression that only liquor and cigarette manufacturers are interested in selling their products to minority groups. If there were more ads for all the clothes, financial services,

food items, baby products, et cetera, that are purchased and desired by minorities, one cigarette campaign would never have become the source of such a controversy.

But the most important fact to understand is that *minority consumers can speak for themselves*. Even if they don't take to the streets in praise or protest, they *do* make their choices known—every day—at the supermarket, at the drug store, wherever they spend their hard-earned dollars.

No advertiser, no matter how impressive the message, can make consumers buy what they don't want or like—*twice*. In the final analysis, it is the customer who does "the right thing" by saying yes or no to products. That message is delivered, loud and clear, at the cash register.

In almost 30 years in the advertising profession, I have done a fair amount of research—interviewing consumers one-on-one, in groups, by telephone, by questionnaire, you name it. And I have seen firsthand that you can't give a consumer a product that they don't want.

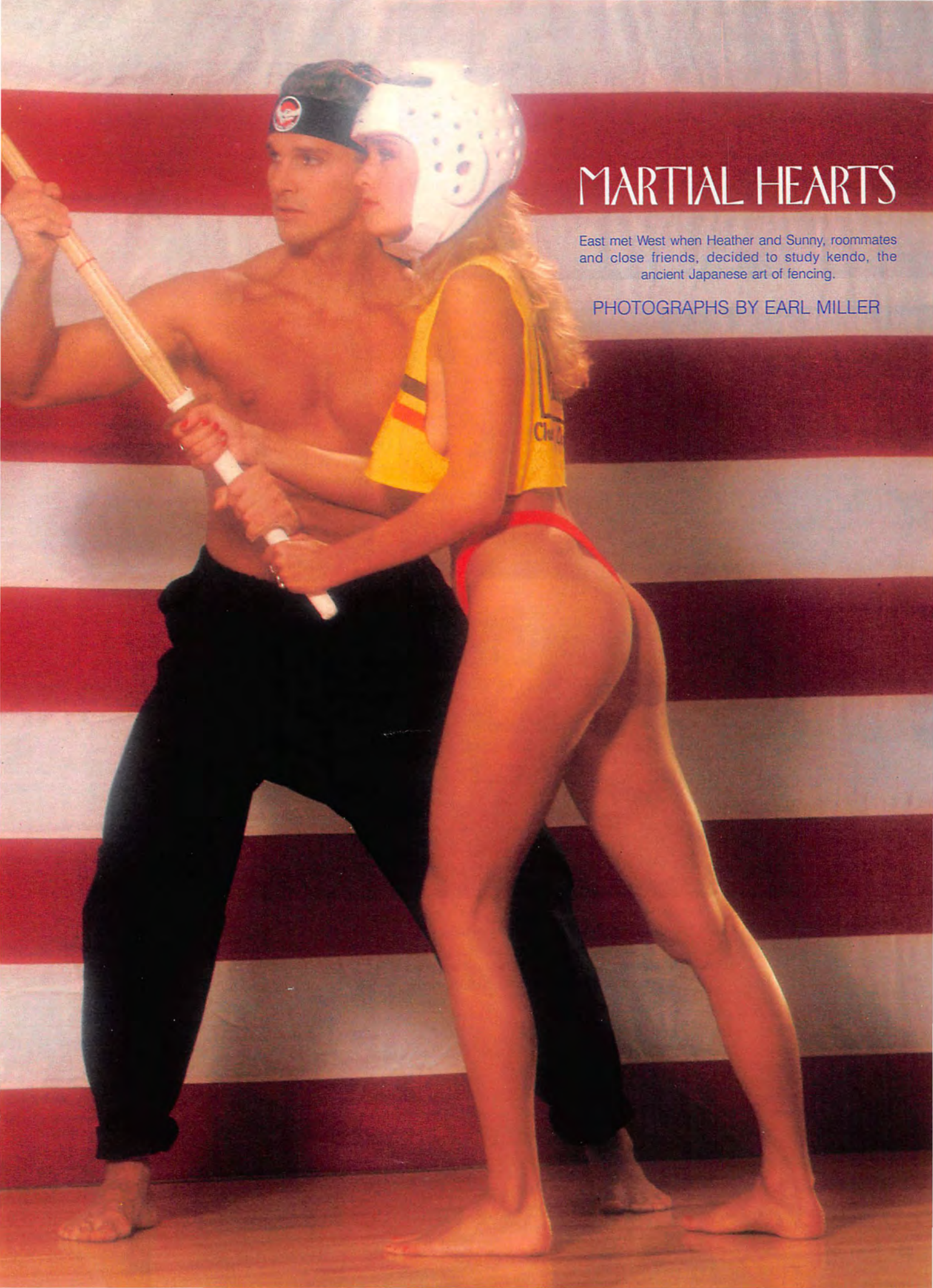
Come the year 2000, the debate over the targeting of minority men, women, and children will be a moot one. Given the current population increases, as well as immigration and employment trends, African Americans, Hispanics, Asians, and women of all races will dominate every facet of American life. This will force manufacturers and their advertising agencies to more accurately reflect the faces, cultures, languages, and lifestyles of the consuming public.

No longer will all-White commercials and nearly-all-White-male announcers dominate the planning, execution, and placement of advertising messages. There will be a more accurate portrayal of the different racial and gender makeups of family groups, consumers, and decision makers.

The facts speak for themselves. By 2010, one-third of all Americans will be women under 50. Black Americans, still the largest minority group, already command a whopping \$300 billion in disposable income, and their purchases account for the margin of profit for dozens of brand names. Hispanics are the fastest-growing group, with well-defined cultural subgroups geographically located in several major metropolitan areas, making them efficient and economical for advertisers to reach. And Asian-Americans are both the most affluent group per capita and the best educated of *all* consumers in this country.

Savvy marketers must rise to meet this new challenge of talking to the consumers they want to buy or try their products, not talking *around* them, or they will see their profits corrode and be chipped away by competition from companies in Asia, South America, and the new European Community. We must learn to stop spouting our unconvincing rhetoric about a "color-blind" society and happily accept our nation's most precious heritage—our cultural and racial diversity. Then we will *all* profit, in every respect. 

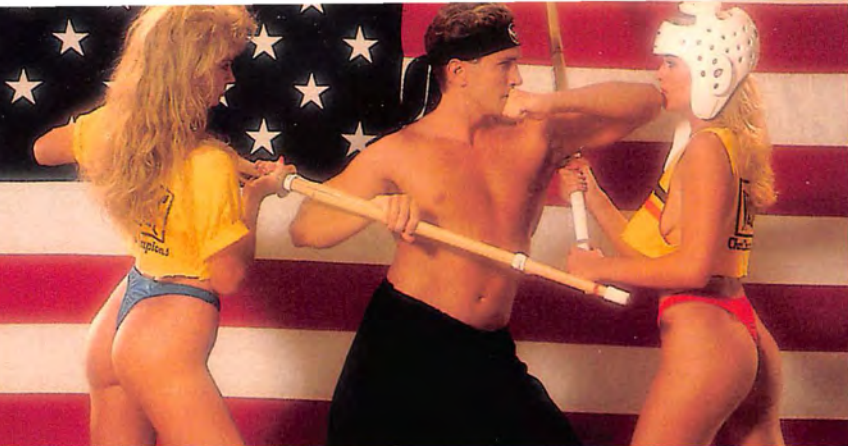




MARTIAL HEARTS

East met West when Heather and Sunny, roommates and close friends, decided to study kendo, the ancient Japanese art of fencing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



Everlast gear courtesy of Hal Stone Productions and Everlast.

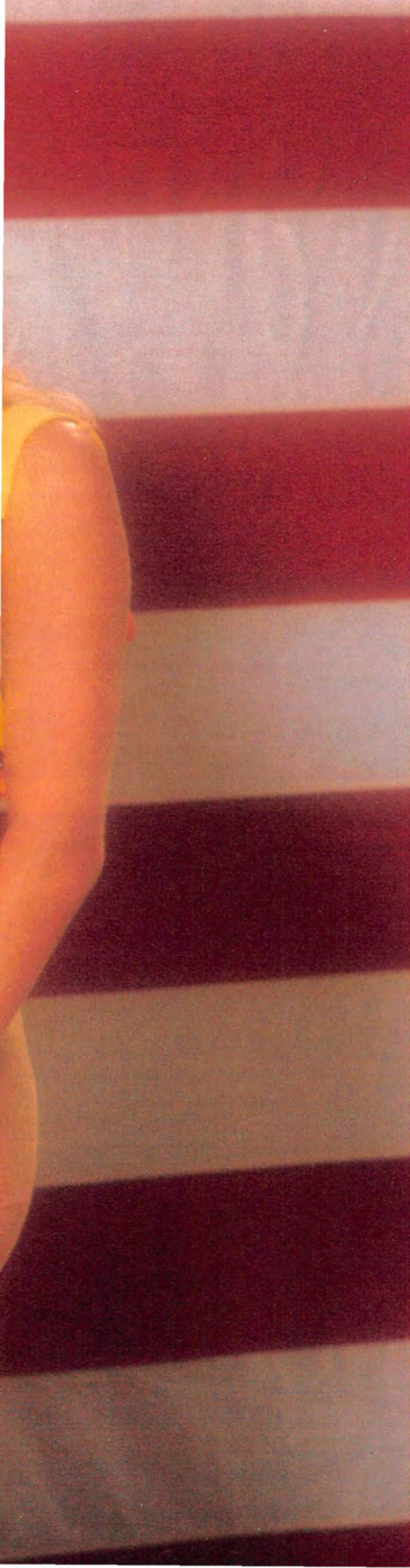


The studio's heat was having an intoxicating effect on the budding samurai warriors. Heather and Sunny dropped their weapons. Joe, their sensei, lost control of his class.









The ladies quickly utilized their newly developed skills for another, more serious purpose—instead of wielding bamboo swords, their butter-soft ninja tongues fenced passionately.



"Excellent
work,
Sunny," Joe
observed
breathlessly.
"Remember
your kendo
technique,
Heather:
keen
concentration,
lightning
quickness,
finesse, and
great boob
aggression."







Soon Joe was reduced to pupil and Heather and Sunny the teachers, practicing another ancient art form, known to naughty ninjas and other teenage mutants the world 'round. 





ARTICLE

DANGEROUS PROFESSIONS: PART THREE FIRE FIGHTERS

BY LAURENCE GONZALES

Fire fighting is the most dangerous profession in the world. According to those who gather such statistics, fire fighters stand a greater chance of getting hurt or killed than people in any other job. It seems paradoxical, then, that little boys so often say they want to be firemen. Are we drawn to death so early in life? Or is it merely the trappings of heroism that attract us? The armor and the red chariot, the lances and axes, with

which they do battle against the flaming dragons that would otherwise menace the populace at large? After spending two months with the Chicago Fire Department, I can't say for sure what the answer is. But I do know that we should all be thankful that someone is committed to this job.

When the lieutenant at the firehouse gave me my turn-out gear, the first thing that caught

PAINTING BY GOTTFRIED HELNWEIN

my attention was the hat. I think that's what gets us as kids, isn't it? The hat? When Lieutenant Bob McKee handed it to me, I was surprised at how heavy it was, as if it had a steel liner. And as I looked it over, I just knew it had a tale to tell. The fire hat is no mere hat; it is a protective machine of reinforced battering-ram material, bristling with the bolt shafts and nuts that hold its parts together. The cracked white shield on the front was emblazoned with "Squad 1," and the regal brass topknot was bashed in from what must have been a stunning blow. The flip-down eye shields were smoked over and smeared with a black paste that was like dried india ink. And the dense black crown and brim were spattered with melted tar and plastic and solder, as if its previous owner had been walking through a wall of burning pay phones.

There was an inner lining of webbing and leather with soft Kevlar-fabric earflaps that could be turned down (against the cold, I assumed) like the cap my mother made me wear in the third grade. But when I got inside my first real fire, I found out that the earflaps were meant to be turned down against the *heat*. At one point I took off my gloves, and the heat burned the hair off my hands. Hair is always the first thing to go, and it goes in a flash—eyebrows, eyelashes, flattop. And if you

stick around, then the ears themselves burn off. I heard some men talking about the time a fire fighter got caught in a stairwell when the stairs burned out from under him, leaving him hanging by his fire coat and turning like a pig on a spit. One guy told me, "When we got to him, his head was the size of a cantaloupe." He lived.

One night we raced to a fire at the Drake Hotel, and when we got there, the smoke was so thick that we couldn't see down Walton Street. It was eleven at night and some of the women I saw as the guests were being evacuated had come fresh from the shower, lopping down the main-lobby stairs in their beige Drake Hotel bathrobes with wet hair and the startled look of ponies. I could feel myself standing in my heavy black Kevlar coat, holding the iron weight of fire-fighting equipment in my leaden gloves, and I saw them look at us (McKee, big Bob Kuehl, the others and me) in amazement as we went down a stairway to the basement, passing incredibly into a thick shroud of smoke that smelled electric—like death.

Down there all was quiet. The walls were light-colored tile. It was a service corridor, but it looked to me like a morgue. Lights flashed through the smoke. I could hear the pry bars and pike poles clanking. We were gladia-

tors with lances. And the dragon we had caught in his lair was black and oily and smelled like brimstone. Dull explosions in the distance made the hair stand up on my arms, and I was sweating in waves beneath my coat. We were all coughing, trying to see, but there was only smoke and the tile slabs, which seemed to close up on us, and room-service carts, which seemed to roll over to trip us, and a maze, one of those terrible mazes where every sign points the wrong way.

When Bob Kuehl—six foot six inches, 265 pounds—on one side of me and the muscular black man named Al on the other side of me were taken to the hospital, overcome by toxic fumes, I understood how serious the fix I had gotten myself into was. The old Irish fire fighter named Red began screaming at me, saying I should never have come down, who the fuck did I think I was, and who was going to carry me out if I got killed. And, of course, he was right, but there I was. I wondered how I had gotten in so deep so fast, but the answer was alarmingly simple: one step at a time.

Every man dies differently, just as every man lives differently. I could see it at night, at the long picnic-style table in the firehouse dining room. Firehouse corned beef is a classic, served with boiled potatoes, cabbage, and carrots. McKee refused to eat "that Irish shit," and instead piled boiled potatoes on his plate and mashed them with a quarter-pound of butter. A young fire fighter took a look at the slices of corned beef to try to figure out what it was, then took two pieces of rye bread, added mustard, and had a sandwich. A big paramedic piled his plate, twice, with everything, and ate half a head of cabbage. As I watched them eat and talk and laugh around the long table, I could see the death in each man, just as I had seen it on the bulletin board near the business end of the firehouse. The men passed that bulletin board every time they went out on a run.

The bulletin board (behind dirty glass in a painted wood frame in a corner by the old radiator) contained departmental memorandums with bad Xeroxes of haphazard Polaroid IDs—taken in harsh light with sharp shadow and coarse grain. The faces all had that shocked, dumb look we have when they snap our ID photos, that stunned, moronic look of gaping solemnity that we get from waiting in line. And beneath each photo were the words "It is my sad duty to inform you . . ." followed by the name and company of the officer, the location of the fire at which the man had died, and a date for services.

By a freak accident, Bob Kuehl and Lieutenant McKee had each lost an uncle in the same fire. The two men had been fairly high-ranking: one at the academy and the other in charge of





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investigations. They heard about a fire while they were having lunch. They didn't *have* to go, but a good fireman lives to get to a fire, and so they went. They were the only two men who died there.

One of the most telling things I learned about fire fighting is that on every day of the year, on every run, every man must renew his pact with the element of fire and his dedication to his work. It is not like the military; no officer tells the men to go into a fire. So for every moment of truth in that great tinderbox world, there is also a moment of transcendental truth for each fire fighter in which he must decide for himself: Is this the fire of all fires? Am I the chosen one for this fire? Can I go in there and live? And if there are children in there, am I willing to die for them?

More than once McKee told me that he was bothered by the fact that civilians (as firemen call people who are not fire fighters) think that the fire department is always wrecking things. "We come in and break your windows and wreck your roof," he said. "That's what people think." They don't understand that in order to fight a fire, you have to ventilate it. "The fire has to go somewhere, and if you don't let it out the other side, then it's going to come back on you. Windows are the cheapest thing to replace."

But more important, civilians don't understand the Gestalt test that a fire is. We see what we want to see in a fire. The resident sees his home burning up, and when a fireman breaks a window, the homeowner sees a man breaking a window. But the fireman sees a dangerous puzzle, and when he breaks a window, it's like a chess master moving a pawn.

My first time, I nearly missed the whole thing. It was summertime, the overhead doors were open, and some of the guys were sitting on black Naugahyde chairs outside, nearly in Desplaines Street, with the downtown traffic rumbling past. The garbled voice said something over the speaker, an address, and then the joker line clacked out its series of numbers—five, five, one—and McKee stood up slowly and said to me, "We're going. That's us." The way he said it was so casual, so matter-of-fact, that I didn't know what he meant at first. Then I saw a couple of men getting onto the rig, and I understood that he meant going in the fire engine.

I shrugged into my turn-out coat, which felt as if it had been constructed of tire chains. It had reflective yellow stripes running around its girth, so a fireman can be found in the beam of a flashlight through the smoke and dark-

ness if he passes out. The collar was soft corduroy. I kicked off my shoes and jumped into the hip-length rubber boots that were turned down to the knee, and I put on the ten-pound helmet and the gauntlet gloves. When I went to climb onto the rig, I realized how very heavy I had become. I had to pull myself up, like hauling a sack of sand up a rope, and then we were starting out the door, with four other guys in the back with me. McKee was in front with the driver, Bob Kuehl. And then we were lurching and bouncing down the road with the immense diesel engine strumming the steel beneath us.

The big red engine was 40 feet long and carried an immense silver ladder and snorkel basket on top, and the interior cabin of steel and black upholstery, where I sat with the fire fighters, was the size of a respectable Manhattan living room. Each of our seats was backed with an aluminum rack holding the yellow-painted steel air bottles and breather mask we would use inside of the fire. In addition to that, the truck was laden with miles of hose; dozens of pike poles, axes, sledgehammers, and pry bars; and every manner of rescue equipment from cutting torches to "Jaws," a pneumatic device the size of a shark, which can be used to open an automobile like a sardine can. All this diesel-powered iron fury, then, was sent

From the makers of Jack Daniel's...



hurtling down the street at 40 miles an hour, air horn echoing its cries off of the glass-cathedral towers around us as morning traffic dipped and swam in the windshield. I had the distinct sense that it mattered little whether or not those high-colored fish got out of our way: Moby Dick was coming through.

But it was during those first few runs with Squad 1 in Engine 5 that I began to understand how fire fighters can go from being ordinary people to being heroes in such a short span of time. The answer is: one step at a time.

One moment we were riding a column of noise down the street, cozy and protected in our berth, the whole world was making way for us, and all the women going to work along the street were stopping to turn and look at us, touched with empathy and understanding. (It's said that no one gets more affection from women than fire fighters, not even fighter pilots. I've worked with both, and I believe it.) But the next moment, we were in a blazing doorway, looking into the unknown, at a stepping-off place. One more step wouldn't kill us, we always knew that. It was never the first step into the void that killed you. Was it the second step then? Probably not. And yet somehow, by otherwise imperceptible increments, things got worse. They always did. It was like a law of nature.

Lieutenant Bob McKee was typical in many ways. He was one of five brothers, "and only one of them was smart enough to avoid becoming a fire fighter." His father had risen through the ranks to become a battalion chief. When I ran with him, Bob McKee was 38 and looked younger. He was under six feet tall, powerfully built, with brown hair and blue eyes, a quick laugh and a knowing smile. When I'd ask him a very direct question, one that should probably never be spoken out loud, he would look at the ceiling, get very quiet, and then smile in a certain way, as if I had touched upon a secret that he didn't want to tell. But he was so good-natured that he couldn't disappoint me, and he'd tell anyway.

One night we were out under the stars, sitting in old chairs in front of the firehouse, our feet up on the red fire hydrant, and I asked, "Have you brought many children out of fires?"

He gave me that look of his, but there was no trace of his usual smile. He just looked blank. "Not many live ones," he said.

McKee and Kuehl had worked together for years, and they were as close as two soldiers in a trench. In fact, they had both been marines, though not in the same place, and now that they were together, they made something of a Mutt and Jeff team. Kuehl, an immense

and powerful man, towered over McKee. And like so many of the men in naturally hazardous professions whom I have met through the years, they did not like to speak of the hazard in a way that would directly acknowledge that it was there.

No, certain things had to be kept at a respectful distance. Then they could be approached sideways until one was square in the jaws of the dragon. And when I made them talk about it directly, they told stories and they laughed and laughed, as if it had been the funniest thing in the world to be almost burned alive.

They talked about the way you approach a fire, the signs you're supposed to see as you come up to the building. Say there's smoke coming out, dense black smoke, but there are no flames. And say the windows are black on the inside, like they're covered with soot, but there's a little glow of red deep in there somewhere. That's a fire that has burned itself out for lack of oxygen, but everything inside is superheated, ready to blow; all it lacks is air. If you don't know what you're looking at, you might go up to the door and open it and—like opening a can of coffee—break the seal on the vacuum.

"Sometimes you can see the smoke pouring out around the window frames," McKee told me, "and it curls right back

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"This next little tune is one I'm sure none of you will remember. . . ."

and is sucked back inside." That's a "back draft." And if you open the door unaware, it can pull you right in with it, like an undertow. As you are dragged inside, kicking and screaming, the missing ingredient—oxygen—is also sucked in. "When you do the wrong thing, you find out real quick," McKee said.

"The first thing they teach you in the fire academy," Kuehl said, "is that the hose is going to lead you to one of two places: On one end there's water, and where there's water, there's also air. You can actually breathe the air coming out of the end of the hose. And you can fight the fire with the water. On the other end is how you got in, so you can get out. You *never* let go of that hose. It's your life."

One night McKee went to a tavern that had been built on the back of a three-story apartment building. The fire had started in the tavern area and burned until there was no air left. "When we got there," he said, "it didn't look that bad, some smoke coming out. I'd gotten the line laid out, and I was standing by the door putting my face piece on. I opened the door, and the next thing I knew, I was lying 15 feet away. I had no idea what had happened to me. We went from solid black smoke to a building completely involved in flames in about two seconds. The worst thing was, there were two guys going across the roof when that happened. That was *not* a great day." Luckily, the two men had just gotten to the apartment building when the roof vanished beneath their feet and flames shot into the sky. They scrambled up a fire escape.

Each type of building, each type of fire, has its own way of killing you. Just when you think you understand them all, one turns on you with a new trick.

Those big old brick industrial buildings, three or five or seven stories high—every big city has them. They were constructed out of the immense pine timbers that used to be available before we cut down all the forests, virgin growth out of prehistory, dripping with resins. When they burn, they go fast. It's like burning a lumberyard, and the sappy wood burns bright and hot, like nature's own acetylene.

The fire fighters are aware of the irony of the rehab business, in which old factories are converted into dwellings for the over-privileged. Those buildings are firetraps. Even if he had the money, no fire fighter would live in one. They're too dangerous. Once the timbers get going, the load-bearing walls of brick and mortar come crumbling down around the fire engines and men.

McKee's brother was buried by a collapsing wall; he was working with Bob Kuehl at the time. "I just happened to walk away at the right moment," Kuehl

said, "and he didn't." He miraculously survived, though, as McKee said (with that little smile of his, putting his hand out three feet above the floor), "He's about this short now."

McKee and Kuehl were still young and cocky when I met them. They had been saving each other's life for years. It's enough to make you think you have nine lives, like a cat. At one fire Kuehl looked around and saw McKee standing on an 800-ampere live wire that had been knocked down. "What do you say?" Kuehl asked. "He's got both feet on it. If he takes one off, he's going to touch the ground and get fried."

So quietly, very softly, he said, "Don't move. Now look at what you're standing on. Now jump with both feet at once."

A moment later McKee was going to go down a gangway when Kuehl saw the chimney fall. "Don't go down that gangway," he said.

"Oh, I can make it," McKee said, and as he ran, the bricks rained down behind him. As they told that story, McKee and Kuehl laughed and laughed until I thought they'd fall out of their chairs. "We saved the attic," McKee said.

"Yeah, but the first two floors burned out from under us!" Kuehl said. And they doubled over with laughter.

But after all the laughter, McKee got a sad, faraway look in his eyes and said, "I'm just a poor boy who wants to go to a fire. I don't want to sit behind a desk."

This is probably the biggest secret that fire departments around the country have: The real reason people become fire fighters is to help other people. That is hardly ever spoken. It's almost a sacrilege to say it because it sounds, well, it sounds kind of sappy, like you're some kind of do-gooder.

I asked McKee once why he wanted to be a fireman, but it was a stupid question, and I knew it before I asked. He looked up from his book and said without a smile, "I like to wreck things."

One morning a call came in and we all got into our turn-out gear and jumped into the rig, winding up in the lobby of a brand-new building in Chicago's Loop. Beautiful women in expensive clothes and guys with silk ties and \$80 haircuts swished past us. We smelled like high noon in hell, and the women who passed us smelled like heaven. They looked at us with a mixture of awe and shock, respect and disgust, for they knew they were looking at the only real heroes left in America. We were so grubby and awkward, though, and our appearance was so rude that it just didn't add up.

We went to the roof and did a heroic thing. There were two window washers stranded on high ladders on the side of the building, 48 stories above the city, and the Chicago Fire

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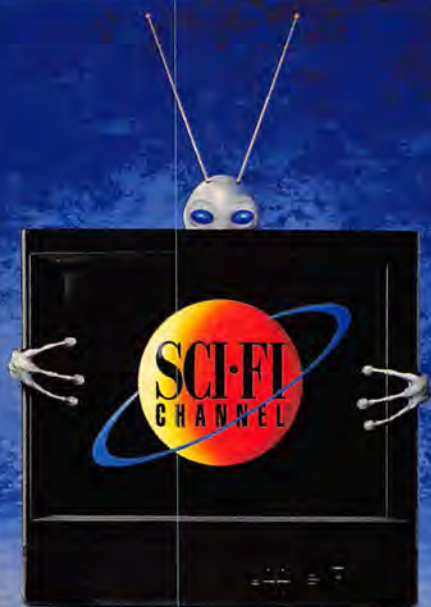
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Department saved their lives, pulling them off with ropes. As I was hanging over the side of the building, I saw the look on the face of one of the workers as he was being hauled up to safety by the fire fighters. He was dangling there on a spiderweb 500 feet above the street, a straight drop, and the city beyond was wreathed in the summer green of the park by the glittering blue-silver lakeshore. I could hear the electric commuter train rattling past in the Loop below, and I could see our red fire engine like a Match Box toy, with the firemen in black with yellow hornet stripes walking briskly in the mist.

The lake and the park fell away into haze and the window washer dangled like a doll on a yellow thread with five firemen holding the end—with nothing but the moist and empty air to catch him if the rope suddenly came unwound. When they pulled him, clutching and gasping, onto the roof, ten hands were on him—nobody here was going to let this one get away—then he stood pale and shaken and thin in his seed cap and green T-shirt and stammered, "Thanks. Thanks, guys." And that was all.

When we came back down through the lobby, it was strange to see this other side of life—the luxury, the opulence, the riches, the goodies of society—and know that it was forever out of reach. Fire fighters save all this for the rich people. They save it equally for the poor. They save your life just the same if you are the president of Chrysler or a garbageman. And yet the biggest rewards of society are forever out of their reach.

More than once Lieutenant McKee thought his life was over. He said he has come close to panicking. The worst time was in an old industrial space, one of those firetrap buildings of exterior brick and timber joists that have become so popular as rehab projects for trendy offices in every big city. McKee had gone to an upper floor to reconnoiter while the others fought the fire down below. He wanted to see if the top floors were involved so that they could plan their tactics. But then the floor he was on was engulfed in smoke, and when he had gone in far enough to look around, he realized that it was one of those new office mazes divided into cubicles, with false walls, long zig-zag corridors, and dead ends. Before he knew it, he was lost in the labyrinth. He understood that this is how it happens, and with each step he took, he knew he was getting in deeper.

The smoke was rolling over him. He started to hear the crackling of fire, the tinkling of glass as things began to break. There was heat coming from over there in the darkness. The smoke was choking him, and he heard human voices, possibly from an air-condition-

ing duct somewhere. He had no line to follow, no hose, and he could not even find a real wall to follow—it was all fake barriers that came apart in his hands, and he fell over them as he blundered this way and that. It was then that his superior breeding—the son and brother of fire fighters—came to the fore. He told himself to calm down, to take charge. Panic has no place in a fire. There are always clues, if only you can read them. You have to think your way out like a detective. *Okay, no hose to follow out. How else can I tell which way is out? Something must tell me. Something.* Smoke was all he could see. *All right, how about smoke? Smoke has to go somewhere, right? It has to go out. And how does it get out? When I approach a fire, I see it pouring out the windows. That's it!*

He looked to see which way the smoke was going and followed it, like a diver following his own bubbles. Soon he was at a window, and in another minute, he was off the floor and reunited with his company. Another man might have panicked and died in there.

Attic fires in frame houses. Old frame houses in big cities are almost always made with hollow walls, so a fire can start in the basement—or anywhere—but it's going to go to the attic, because heat will rise through the hollow walls. And it's such an intense heat that it sets a fire up there early on. So McKee and Kuehl always find themselves, sooner or later, trying to save an attic. They have a technique, and they feel that they can read the fire, sense its motives and moods, and outfox it.

One day they arrived at a fire. Another company was already there and had lines all laid out, but no one was going in. As McKee and Kuehl came up, the other company officer told them, "You can't make it in there."

McKee took a look at the fire and said, "Let me just get by you here for a second and see what I can do." And he and Kuehl went on in, Kuehl holding the pipe, or nozzle, and McKee holding the hose behind him.

Later McKee said, "Those little frame houses are small, but they're hot." And he and Kuehl would laugh and laugh, sitting out under the stars and sipping coffee.

"We showed them, didn't we?" Kuehl asked.

"Yeah, we showed them. We put it out, but it nearly put us out."

They had crawled into the attic, literally on their bellies, and the fire had flashed over their heads and got behind them. "It took about two years to crawl 30 feet that night," McKee said.

"Yeah, a friend of mine got burned up that way," Kuehl said. "He walked through the attic to see what was up, went to the far window, and yelled down

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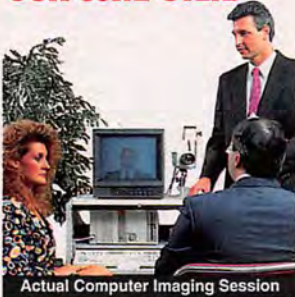
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for them to send a line up. When he turned around, it was nothing but fire."

"Yeah, I'd like to hear the *real* story on that," McKee said. When someone is hurt, firemen do not accept that as the natural order of things. They always believe that someone did something wrong. If they could just pinpoint it, they could avoid it and escape death. In other words, That won't happen to me, because I'm too fucking good. No one truly believes in death.

I asked Kuehl what to do if we're in an attic and it flashes over. That's when the fire gasses catch and burn through the air, over our heads, to start another fire behind us. "Just lay down," he said. "And stay down. It looks like lightning over your head in the smoke," he added, reminiscing about the attic fire in the frame house. "Going through those rooms was like going through the seven gates of hell. But if you stand up, it'll take your head right off you. I was in one house once where a flashover came down a hallway. This other guy comes running down the hall shouting, 'Get out! Get out!' And there's this rolling, bubbling ball of fire coming down the hall. I'd never seen anything like that before in my life. We dove down the stairs, and I mean headfirst. Then we went out and had a cigarette," he said with a thoughtful smile, adding after a moment, "and we don't even

smoke!" And they laughed and laughed, kicking their feet on the fire hydrant.

For me, the moment of truth came on a sunny day when we were at Meigs Field, Chicago's lakefront airport, getting ready to go scuba diving. It was one of those days when they were all saying to themselves, *What a great fucking job*. It must have been 95 degrees out, and jumping in the lake sounded pretty good. Kuehl had just gotten stripped down and was about to shrug into his scuba gear when he stopped. I saw him stop and look out over the skyline of the city. "Hey, there's a fire," he said.

We quickly got back in our clothes and jumped on the rig and ran across the city to get to the place where the smoke was coming from. There, in a humble neighborhood, we found a little frame house completely involved in flames. It seemed unimpressive when we arrived. It was just a few rooms, two stories, in a row of ordinary houses, and there was a big brown Cadillac blocking the fire hydrant. When I jumped down from the engine, McKee handed me a pike pole with a metal hook on the end and said, "Follow me." And we walked right into the burning building.

I had never done anything quite like that before, and I had never really con-

sidered doing it: We just walked into a burning building. It seemed so simple, but it was then that I realized that fire is a living thing, a manifestation of energy that eats the air, a wild element. Make no mistake about it, fire is an animal with special powers. It can transform itself in the blink of an eye while you're looking the other way. And this one was in a feeding frenzy.

McKee ran, and so I ran to keep up with him—the thing I feared most was losing him, because I had come to trust him completely. Before I knew it, I was going up a stairway. I recognized that stairway. I had lived with one just like it when I was a little boy—narrow, with a round wooden handrail—only this one was like the bottom of a backyard charcoal grill: It was glowing. We were encased in our protective clothing, but I wondered what a little boy in his pajamas and socks would do here. Everywhere I looked, everything—the walls, the floor, the ceiling, the woodwork—was a glowing ember. Coiled snakes of smoke flowed from everything as if the wood had rotted before our eyes and maggots had filled its blackened flesh. I was hit by wave after wave of heat that knocked the wind out of me, and when I gulped to catch my breath, I inhaled something noxious. It was not air; it was some superheated mixture of poisons that I had never smelled or

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seen or even heard tales about. In all my lessons during all the nights and days with the fire fighters, there was nothing that could have prepared me for this.

On and on we went, up the stairs and into the close, little bedrooms where someone had lived. "Here, here!" McKee was shouting at me. I was coughing and trying to see what he was pointing at. "Don't look up!" he shouted, so I looked up. He grabbed my head and pushed it down. "Don't! Look! Up!" he said again. "Pull the ceiling!" I didn't understand what he wanted of me until he showed me. He wanted me to use the lance I had in my hands, to shove it up with both hands until it poked through the plaster and lath of the ceiling, then yank on it until the ceiling came crashing down around me. And don't look up, because all that falling plaster and burning wood could blind me. It was then that I realized that the fire was burning not only all around us, but over our heads as well. The man coming up behind me with the pipe was waiting for me to pull the ceiling so that he could open up with the water and put out the fire over our heads and keep it from leaping out to eat us.

I began jabbing furiously at the ceiling, ripping and tearing with the lance, and a great shower of lath and plaster and conduit began raining down on the

hard helmet I wore—for the first time, I understood the shape of the fireman's hat. I could no longer breathe, but breath seemed an extravagance to wish for by that time. I was roasting in my Kevlar coat like a potato in tinfoil, but I pulled my way through the ceiling from one end of the room to the other, and the man behind me (whom I never saw) opened up the nozzle and showered the ceiling with water. Then we were engulfed in steam, steam and smoke, and I was drowning in water, soaked from head to foot and covered with a kind of black paste. But I was glad, glad because the water was cool, and the voracious oily dragon of flame was eating oxygen and water and not us. Now all I had to worry about was the steam that was burning my face.

I moved to the next room, at the very back of the house, just in time to see that the back wall had fallen into the backyard, and I took a moment to walk up to the edge and look down. Actually, I went over to steal a breath of what I saw there: clear air. And when I looked down, I saw that the whole backyard was afire with the rubble of cars and stacks of truck tires and trash, burning in mystical rings of fire.

Wondering how much more of the house was going to fall into the yard, I backed away from the precipice and returned to my task with the ceilings. I

don't know how long I fought in there, wielding that pike with the man behind me spraying the flames overhead, but after a while the heat seemed to subside. Then I was put to work poking holes in the roof above, through the attic space I'd opened up by tearing down the lath. There were men on the roof, and when they'd see my pike going through a soft spot (soft because it had been burned), then they'd chop a bigger hole with an ax and someone would spray out the last lingering tongues of fire with a hose.

It was finally over. The whole place was encased and glued together with black paste. I came back down the narrow staircase, which had partly burned away while I was upstairs.

On the first floor, in the living room, I looked out at the street and saw the crowd that had gathered to watch. A battalion chief grabbed me and, because I had a pike, said, "Square off those windows, son." He meant the windows through which I was looking at the people. So I took my lance and shoved it through the panes of glass, breaking them, and then ran it around each square, raking the glass away with my pike. I smiled out at the people on the street and remembered McKee, when I had asked him why he wanted to be a fire fighter, saying, "I like to wreck things." 



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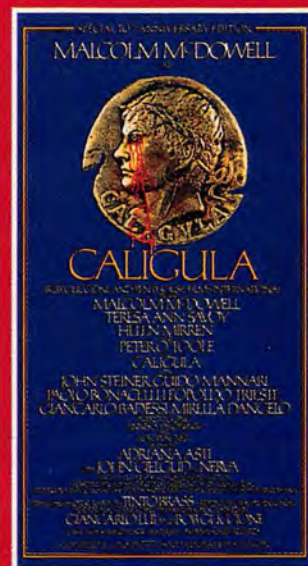
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CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER

IMPERFECT SPIES

For quite some time now, the Israeli government has been publicly petitioning the Bush administration to release Jonathan Jay Pollard, an American intelligence officer who was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1987 for passing classified documents to Israel. But recently, *Penthouse* has learned, the Israelis have privately thrown an explosive bargaining chip on the table: They say that while America was loudly protesting Israel's treachery in spying on its closest ally, it had been doing exactly the same thing.

According to the Israelis, in the early 1980s, a major in Israeli Army Intelligence approached the American embassy in Tel Aviv and



volunteered to spy for the United States. Even though he was perceived to be "weird," the offer was accepted, they say.

They claim that the United States employed the shaky spy for two years. In 1986 the major, aged 36, was caught, secretly tried, and sentenced to 14 years in jail, the officials say. Recently, they say, Jerusalem suggested trading him for Pollard, but

the U.S. responded that it was not interested.

Asked if such a trade was discussed, a U.S. Justice Department spokesman says, "This is not something we would share with the media."

At the U.S. embassy in Tel Aviv, a spokesman insists he has no knowledge of any Israeli being recruited as an American spy. A State Department source adds, "We don't need to spy on the Israeli Army. They usually tell us about their [military] design and development—fuel tanks they've perfected, for instance—because they want to sell us their stuff."

A Pollard acquaintance says he suspects that the Israelis concocted the spy story in an attempt to persuade Pollard that they are

trying to obtain his release. Until recently, they did "diddly-shit," he says. The petition to Washington came about, he contends, because Jerusalem had learned that Pollard, faced with spending his life in prison, is contemplating revealing the names of his Israeli spymasters in return for his freedom.

"Their motive in coming up with this [Israeli Army major] story may be to manipulate Jonathan by putting the blame on the U.S. government for not trading him," says Pollard's acquaintance, who claims that the Israelis have more viable bargaining chips to use if they so choose. "Manipulating him is not going to work. He's on the edge."

RUSTY RESERVES

Behind the scenes of our smashing Gulf War victory, *Penthouse* has discovered a military disgrace that could have left U.S. troops mounting the ground assault short of ammunition and gas for their tanks.

Last summer, right before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, the Pentagon called up 70 of the 96 cargo ships it had bought—for more than

\$550 million, according to *Forbes* magazine—to carry essential supplies in time of war. Most of the ships in this unhappily named Ready Reserve Force had been acquired from commercial companies that had pensioned them off—with reason, marine engineers tell us, since their average age is 25.6 years. Worried congressmen had been predicting a fiasco for a decade, but it took the real-

ity of war to show how right they had been.

Fortunately, Saddam obligingly didn't go on to invade Saudi Arabia while shipyard workers hustled about, toiling to make the rust buckets seawor-

thy, all at a cost of some \$181 million. In November one of them, the 22-year-old *Del Monte*,



CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



Q. CAN YOU FIND THE HIDDEN PLEASURE
IN REFRESHING SEAGRAM'S GIN?

A. If you think this
is just a bubble,
look again.



© 1991 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, N.Y. NY Seagram's Gin 100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain. 40% Alc. by Vol. (80 Proof)

fuck under. I stood behind her and pulled her close to my huge erection, then whispered in her ear how much I would like to slide my man-missile into her tube-launcher. She reached behind her and slid her warm hand up my leg and into my diver's shorts. I just about had an orgasm. I was so horny, I didn't care if she pulled my cock out right there in line and went down on me. We were both trying, without much luck, to conceal our libidos, and what she did next did not help.

As I became hotter and hotter with every stroke, a drop of come was coaxed from deep within my blue balls. Jennie ladled it up with a swift finger and proceeded to smear it across her luscious lips with an audible moan. This was getting to be too much to handle. She was panting about how much she wanted my warm, sticky jism all over her face, so I suggested that we try what she had told me about earlier. At this point, I could have filled up her canteen! Instead, she gave me the cellophane wrapper from her cigarettes and had me go into the nearby gym to masturbate. I was ready for just about anything by now, so I agreed and headed off on my mission. All I had to do was visualize my orgasmic juice splattering all over her face, and I quickly exploded into the substitute vagina.

After composing myself, I left the men's room to find Jennie anxiously awaiting my return with my bounty. As soon as we were back in line, she asked me if I had anything for her.

"As a matter of fact, I do," I replied.

I gave her my seed package and she looked mesmerized as she held it in her hand and commented on it still being warm. Then I was mesmerized, as she opened up the wrapper and stuck three fingers into it. Pulling them out, she stuck them in her mouth and lapped loudly with a satisfied look on her beautiful face. My knees were still weak from my orgasm, but I was now ready for another. The bus was just pulling up for the last load of sailors, so we had to say our good-byes, but she promised me that as soon as she got back to the ship, she was going to pour the rest of my come over her pussy lips and masturbate.

The image of that will be enough to get me through the rest of this war. Thank you, Jennie.—*Name and address withheld*

ANNIVERSARY THREESOME

To celebrate our first anniversary, my husband and I had planned a romantic evening. Dinner, dancing, theater, the works. So you can imagine my disappointment when Gary called to ask if a friend of his could tag along.

At first I was furious. I mean, we had been planning this all week! But Gary explained that his friend would only be in town one night, and then he promised to make it up to me later, so I gave in. Gary was supposed to pick me up at six. While I was waiting, I had a quick shower and got dressed. I put on an outfit sure to please him—a strapless black dress, stockings, and his favorite pair of heels.

At six o'clock I heard Gary's car pull up. He ran into the house, put a bottle of wine in the fridge, and told me I looked terrific. I just smiled and asked him where his friend was. (I was hoping he had decided to do the right thing and leave us alone.)

"Oh, Robert's waiting for us at the restaurant," Gary replied. I could have strangled him.

Despite my anger and disappointment, dinner was great. I don't think I've ever had better. From appetizer to des-

When the ecstasy finally subsided, I fell back onto the bed. I was almost too weak to move, but I knew there was still one piece of unfinished business.

sert, everything was perfect.

And Robert? I have to admit, he was a bit of a surprise. Tall, muscular, handsome . . . Gary had never told me he had friends who looked like *this*!

We ate dinner and made small talk. It turned out that Robert and I had something in common—besides Gary, I mean. We were both hoping to become journalists.

"Small world," Gary said, getting up. "Why don't you two go ahead and order dessert? I'll be right back."

When Gary was gone, Robert leaned toward me. "You look fantastic," he whispered. "If Gary weren't my best friend . . ."

That was just the start. After dinner we skipped the theater and went straight to a nightclub. I drank three or four highballs and took turns dancing with my husband and his best friend. It was such a turn-on dancing with Robert and rubbing up against him whenever Gary wasn't looking. But no matter how many times I asked, Robert refused to slow-dance with me. "You belong to Gary," was all he'd say.

Well, we didn't get home until two in

the morning. I was tired, but there was no way I was going to call it a night—not yet. Gary suggested we go downstairs and watch a movie. That's when my anniversary party *really* got started. Gary picked out a videotape I'd never seen before and put it in the VCR. When he pressed the play button, I could hardly believe my eyes. It was a porno flick!

Gary sat down on the sofa and put his arm around me. I kept my eyes on the television, not sure if I should be embarrassed or excited. I did notice one thing: The men seemed more intent on watching me than the movie! A little while into the show, Gary said, "I think we've seen enough. We're going up to bed now."

With that he took my hand and led me upstairs. We got straight into bed, not even bothering to undress. I was so horny I just wanted to rip Gary's clothes off and climb onto his cock.

"Not so fast," Gary said, grabbing my hands. "Let's take our time." As he spoke he pushed me back onto the bed and began to kiss me. Closing my eyes, I gave him everything I had. I took his tongue into my mouth and began to suck on it like a tiny cock. In return his hands brushed across my tits, gently stroking my nipples.

I was dying to fuck and he knew it. Little by little his hands flew across my body, feeling every inch of me. By the time he got to my pussy, I was on fire. Spreading my legs as wide as I possibly could, I told Gary to feel me. At the same time, I slid my hand into his pants and began to stroke his cock. We must have kept this up for half an hour before a voice broke in. "Are you two going to fuck or just play with each other all night?"

I looked up, too startled to speak. Robert was sitting at the foot of the bed watching us. From the smile on his face, I could tell he liked what he saw. "Don't mind me," he said. "I just came up to say good-night." I was about to protest when Gary pushed me back down on the bed. My legs were still spread, and before I could close them, he was slipping my panties off. I could tell I was in for the night of my life!

While Robert watched, Gary began to finger-fuck me. Gently, he put his middle finger inside my pussy and brushed my G spot. A second finger followed, then another one after that. In no time, he had four fingers inside me and was using his thumb to stroke my clit. Needless to say, all this attention was driving me crazy!

Taking his fingers out of me, Gary said, "Let's really give him a show. Why don't you suck my cock for a while?" Gary lay down on his back and we got into a sixty-nine position. While he went to work on my pussy, I undid his pants and took out his cock. Looking

Penthouse's contributing cartoonists re-examine the relationship between . . .

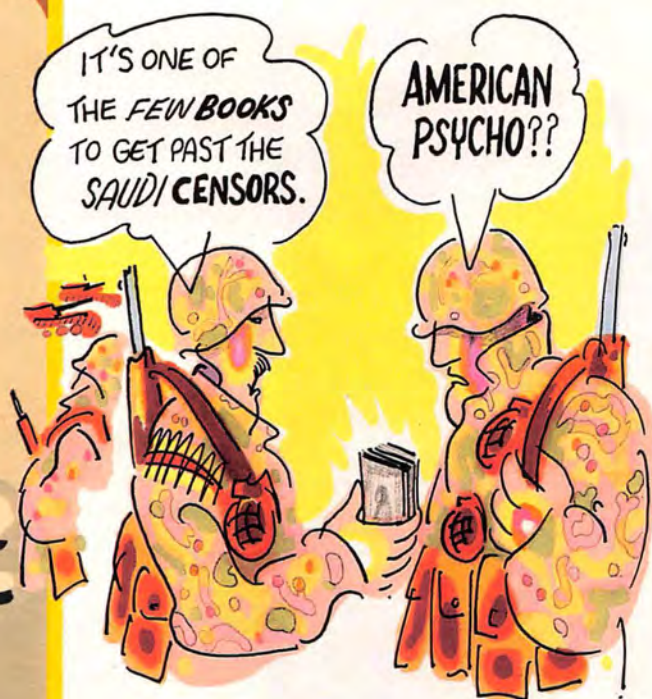
IRAQ AND A HARD PLACE



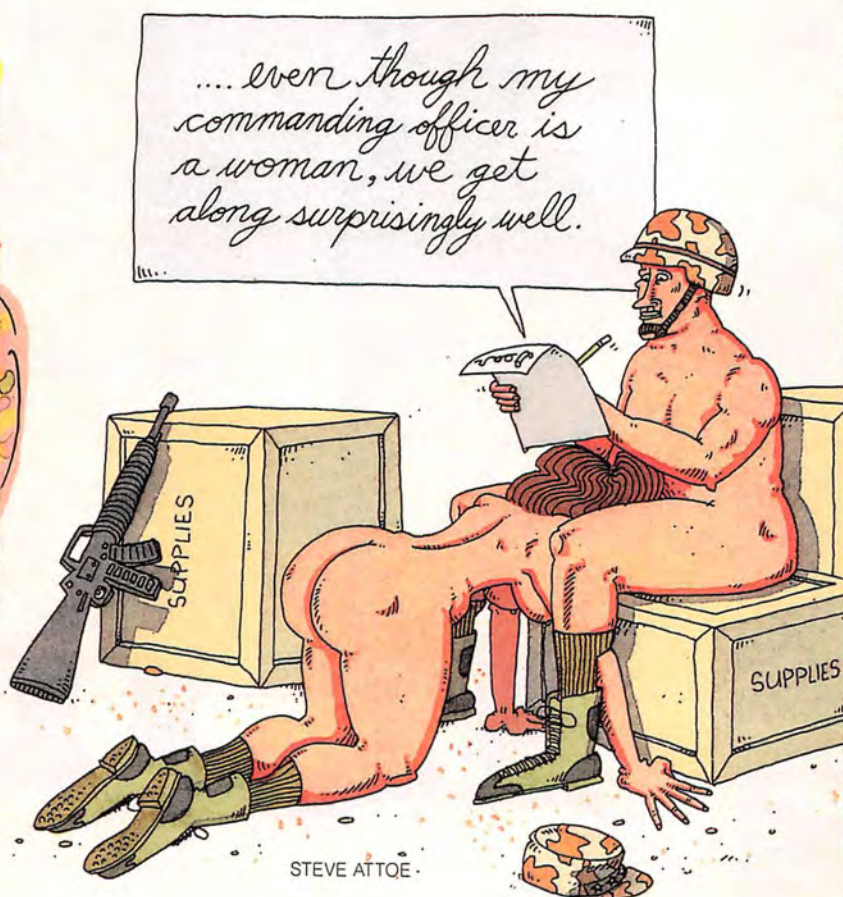
STEVE ATTOE



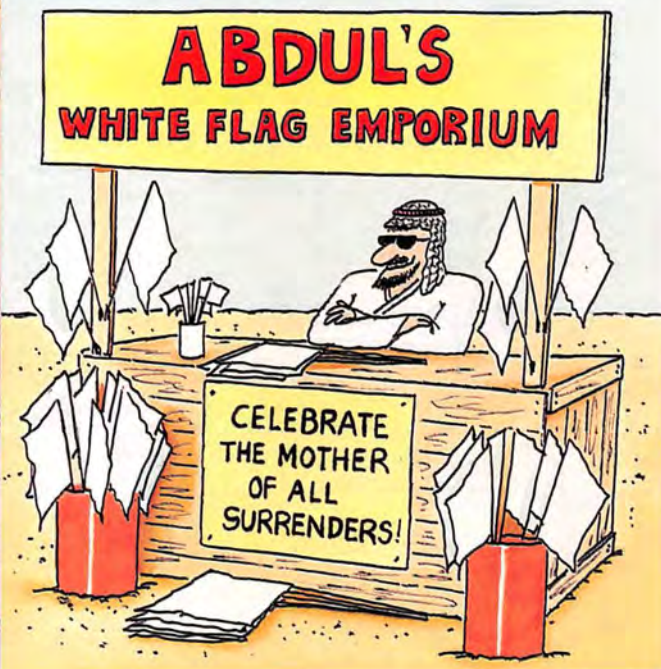
RICK STROMOSKI



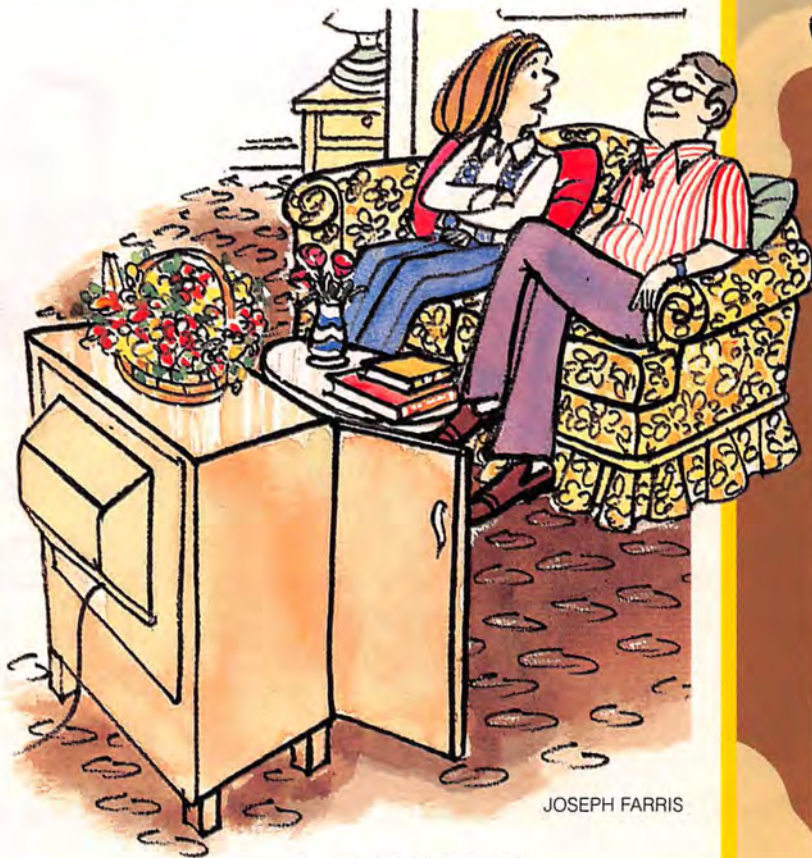
BILL LEE



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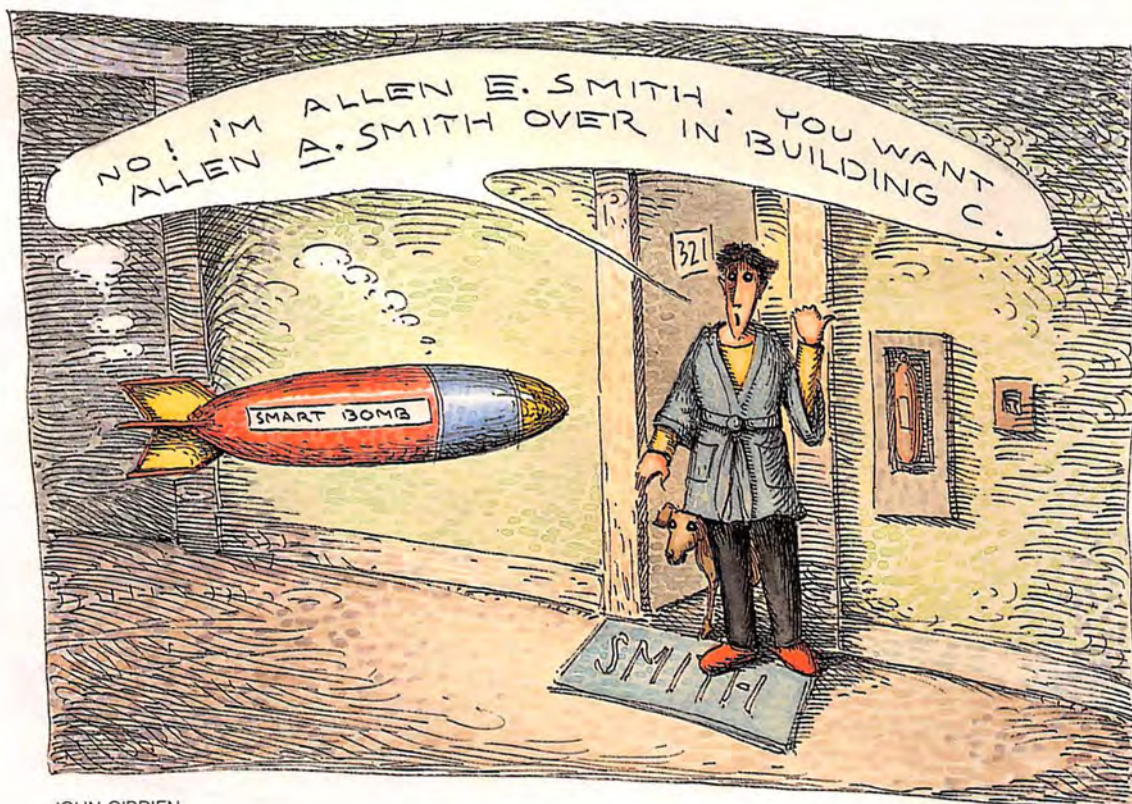


THOMAS CHENEY

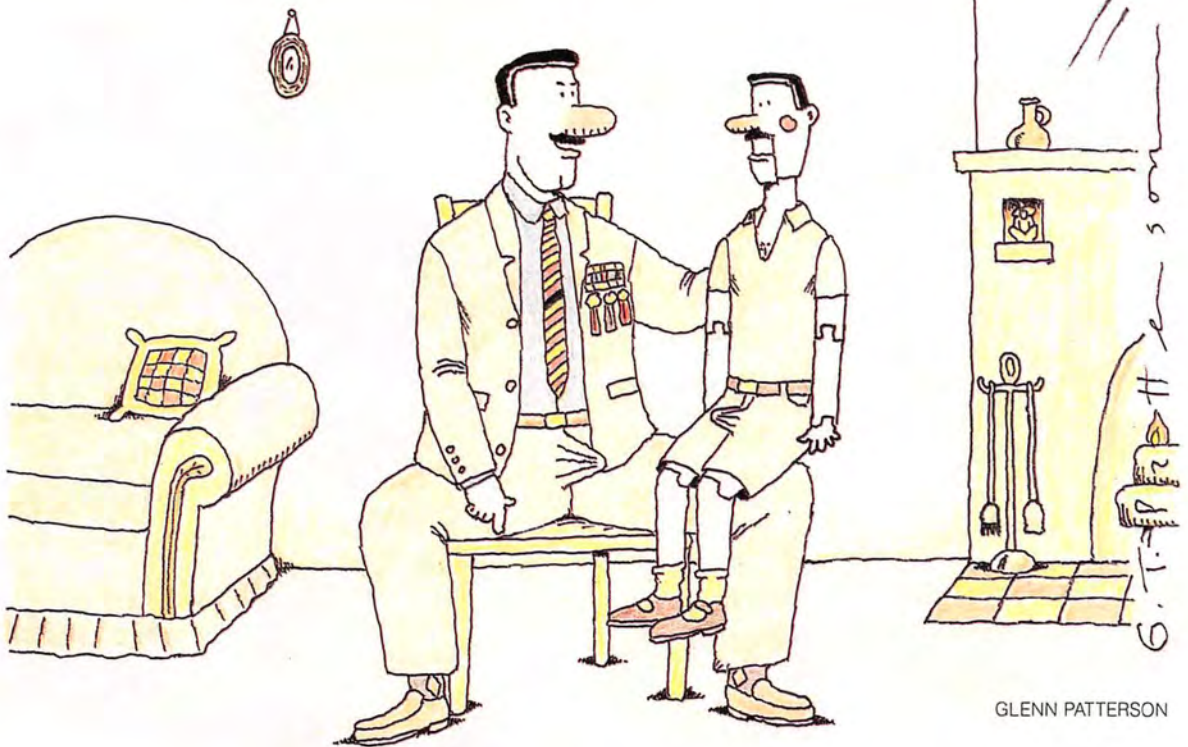


JOSEPH FARRIS

"I miss the Gulf War."



JOHN O'BRIEN



GLENN PATTERSON

"I'm having a real good time here in Iraq with Uncle Saddam."

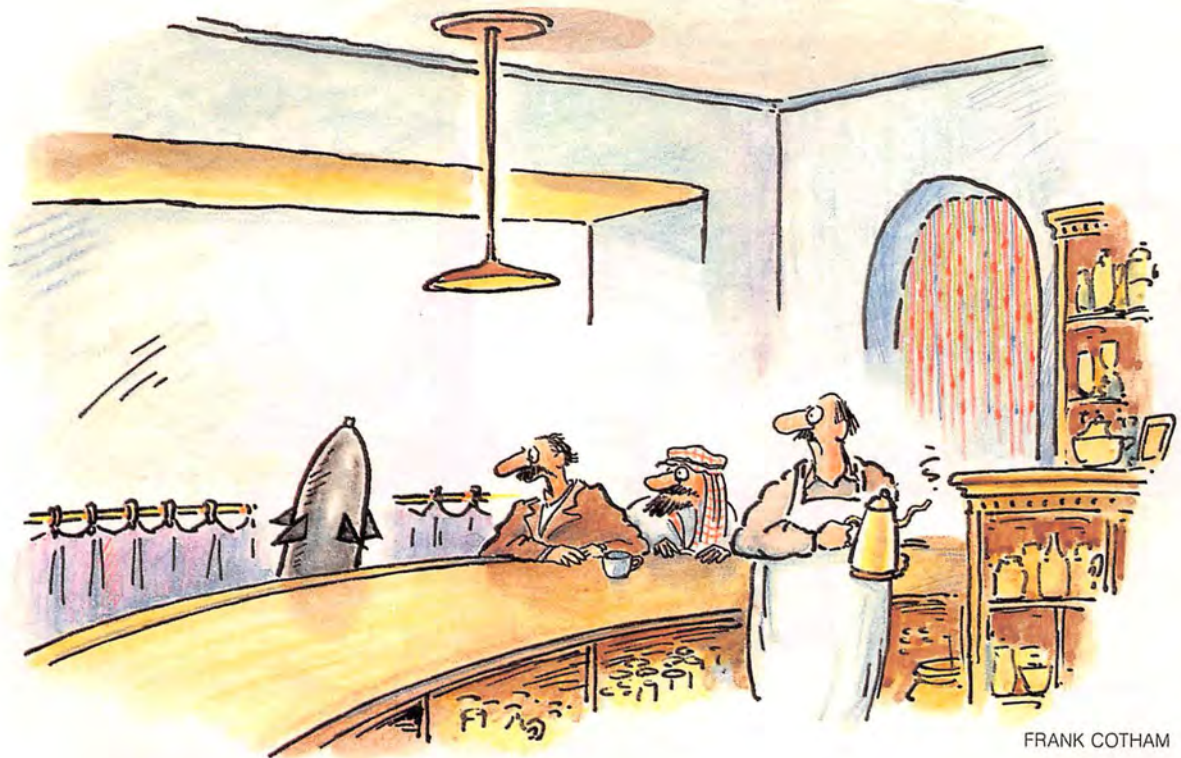
THOMAS CHENEY



"Maybe we ought to put our masks on. . . . Something tells me that 400,000 Iraqis just shit in their pants."

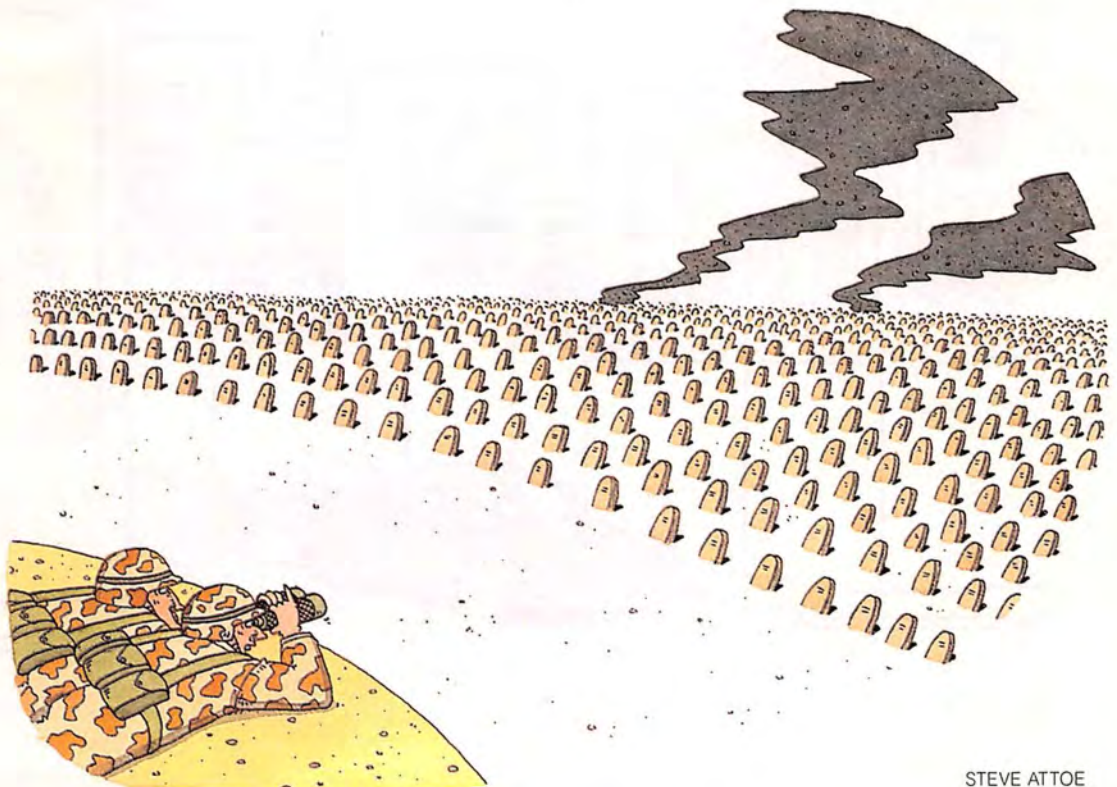


LEO CULLUM



FRANK COTHAM

"Aw shit, it's a smart bomb!"



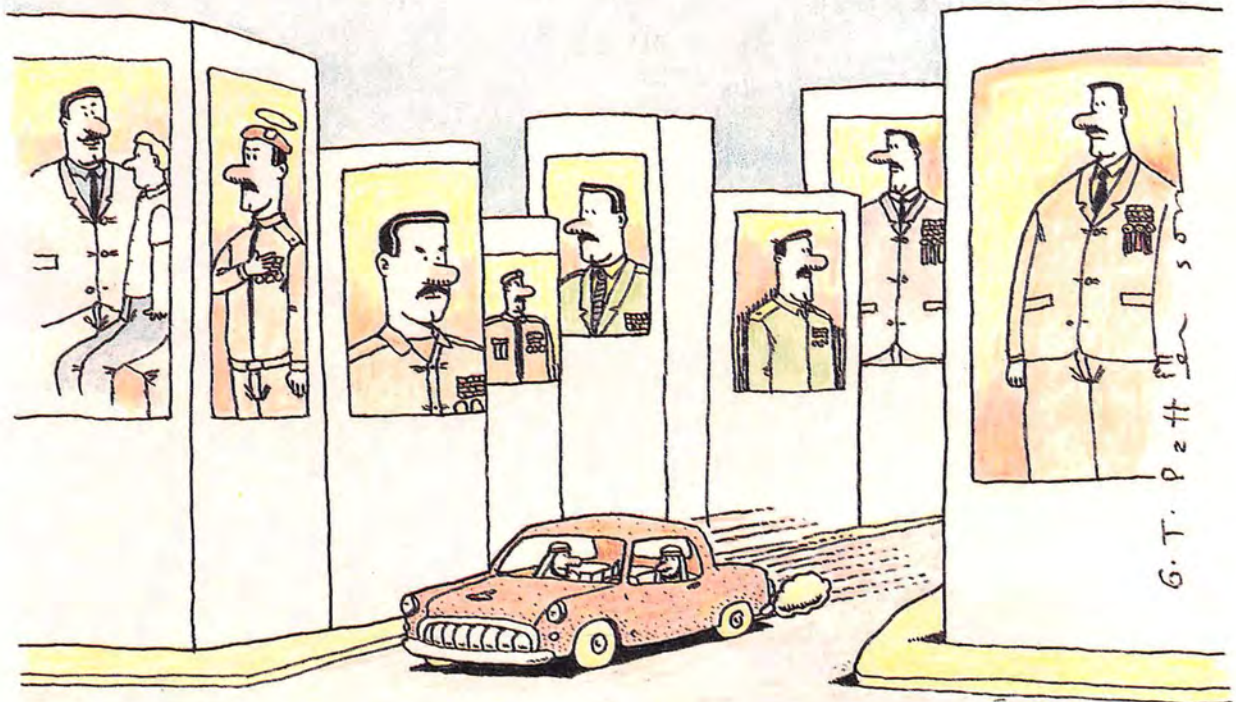
STEVE ATTOE

"The Iraqis are really dug in now, sir."



LEO CULLUM

"I beat my sword into a plowshare every night and I'm still horny."



GLENN PATTERSON

"Let's see . . . go straight till you see the big picture of Saddam on the right, then turn left. . . ."

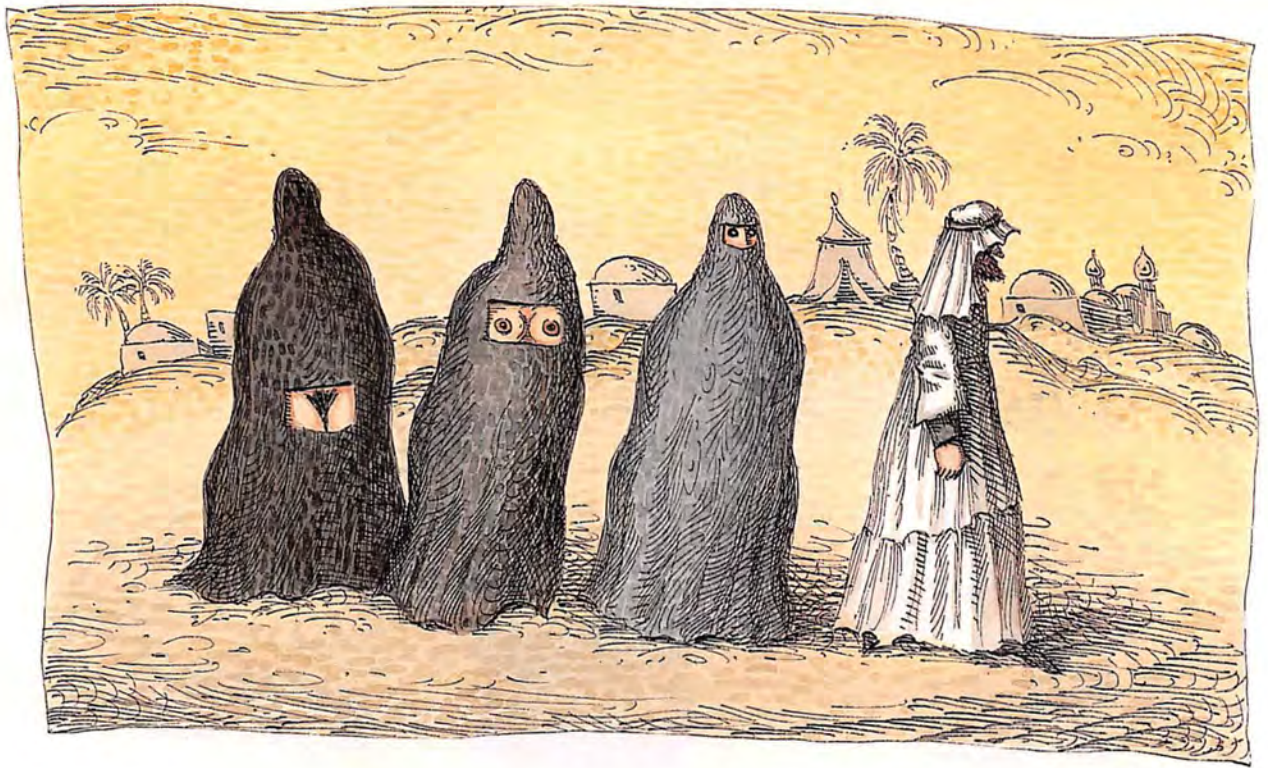


FRANK COTHAM

AT LEAST THESE
GAS MASKS
COME IN HANDY
FOR SOMETHING.



STEVE ATTOE



JOHN O'BRIEN



ERIC DECETIS

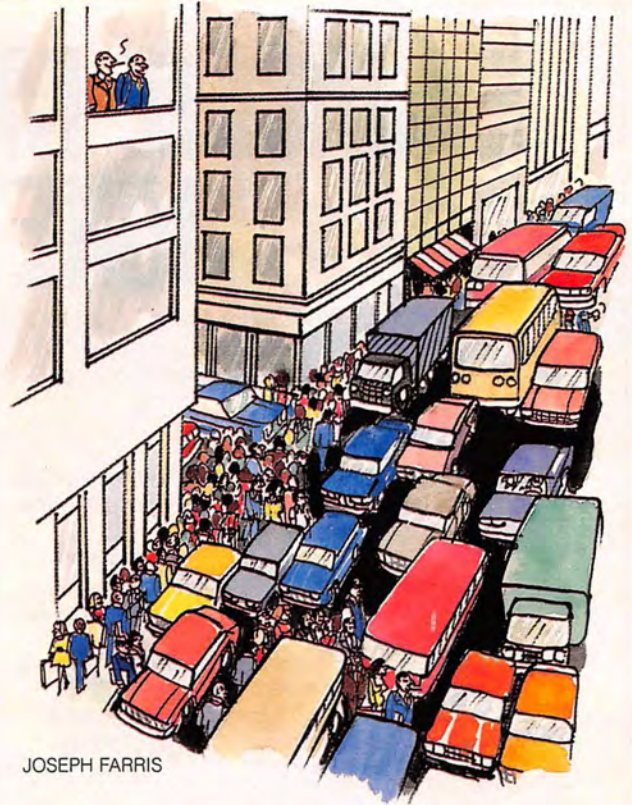


STEVE ATTOE

LIGHT CASUALTIES



LEO CULLUM



JOSEPH FARRIS

*"Now that the war's over,
I hear the eighties are coming back."*



MISCHA RICHTER

"Sound a news briefing."

JACKIE MARTLING'S JOKE BOOK

Think you know a good joke? If you stump Jackie the Joke Man, you can win a year's subscription to *Penthouse*, along with an "I Stumped Jackie the Joke Man" T-shirt. Send entries to Jackie Martling, c/o Penthouse Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

MATERNITY WART

Charles and his life-mate Bruce are having a picnic when Charles has to take a dump. He walks into the woods to do it.

A few minutes later, Bruce hears Charles screaming, "I had a miscarriage! I had a miscarriage!" so he goes running into the woods to see what's going on.

When he gets there, Charles is still crying, "I had a miscarriage! I had a miscarriage!"

Bruce looks around behind him and says, "Charles, you didn't have a miscarriage. You had diarrhea on a frog."

*How is parsley like pubic hair?
You push it to the side.*

*What's black and white and hairy?
Sister Mary Cunt.*

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Dirty Johnny catches his parents fucking, and he's very upset.

They explain to him that they were making the baby brother that he's wanted for so long.

The next day Johnny's father comes home and sees him crying. He says, "What's the matter, son?"

Johnny says, "You know that baby brother you and Ma made me? This morning the mailman ate him!"

*Why did the gynecologist go to
the eye doctor?
Everything
was looking fuzzy to him.*

*Why does Dan Quayle always
make love on the bottom?
Because he fucks up.*

MISSES THE BOAT

The Johnsons are on a camping trip to celebrate their 20th anniversary.

Mrs. Johnson says, "I gotta take a whiz."

Her husband says, "Okay, let's go down to the water." They go down to a small cliff at the edge of the lake and she hangs her ass over.

She says, "Honey, I think I'll pee into that canoe down there."

He looks down and says, "That's not a canoe. That's your reflection."

*What would you call an Italian slum?
A spaghetti.*

*Where does an Irishman go on vacation?
To a different bar.*

QUESTION AIRHEAD

Tarzan is swinging through the jungle.

He swoops down into a clearing, and there's a beautiful girl standing there.

He says, "Me Tarzan! Who you?"

She says, "Jane."

He says, "What whole name?"

She says, "Cunt."

*How did the Polish girl burn herself on the
Fourth of July?*

She lit the fuse to her tampon.

*What do you get when you cross a
hooker with a piranha?
Your last blowjob.*

LOVES THE STAFF

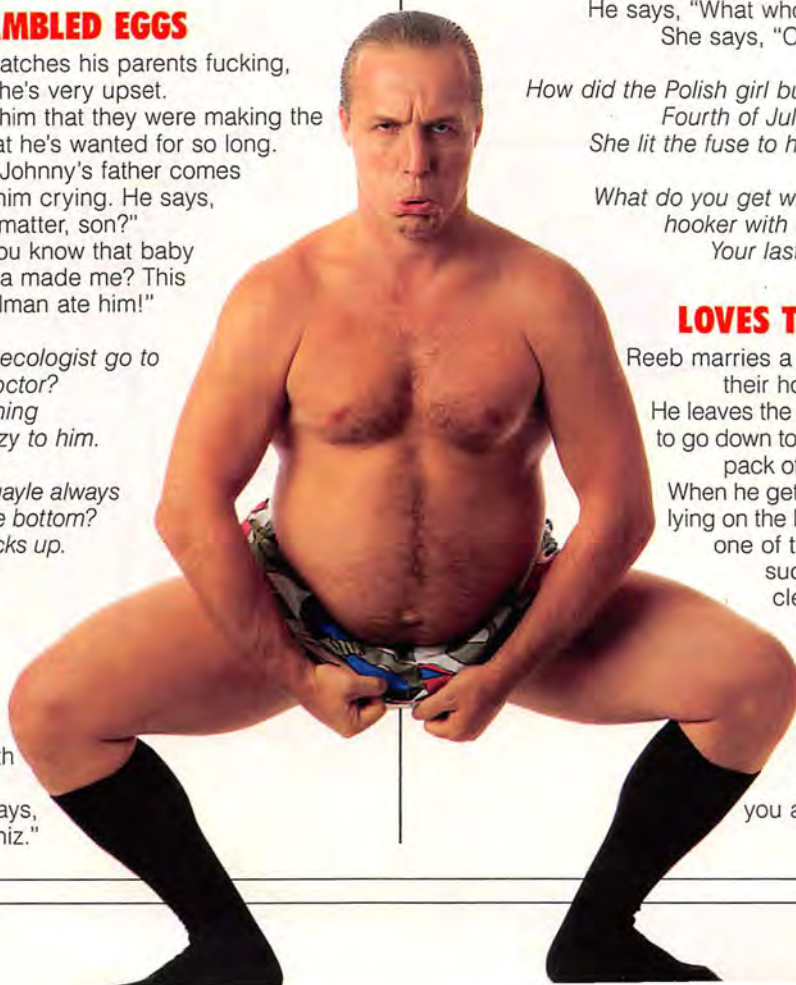
Reeb marries a girl and they're on their honeymoon.

He leaves the room the first night to go down to the lobby to get a pack of cigarettes.

When he gets back, his bride is lying on the bed naked fucking one of the bellhops. She's sucking off the desk clerk, and jerking off a cabdriver and the dishwasher.

He says, "What the fuck are all these jack-offs doing in here?"

She says, "Well, you always knew I was a flirt!"



=SEVEN SEAS=



SEAGRAM'S SEVEN SEAS

1 oz Seagram's 7
 $\frac{1}{4}$ oz Melon Liqueur
 Fill to the top
 with pineapple juice
 Garnish with tropical
 fruit



AMERICA'S GOOD TIME SPIRIT

When we make love, I get especially turned on knowing that a few hours earlier, she did the same things with her lover. To smell his scent on her neck as I kiss her, to taste his sperm inside her vagina when I lick it, to know that his cock has been in all those sacred spots that I adore so much makes me all excited, even while I am writing to you. To kiss her sweet mouth and know that it has been penetrated by his warm tongue—I cannot express how excited all this makes me.

I hope you don't find our ménage à trois odd, but it seems to me that this way all three of us are totally happy and satisfied. My wife refuses—under any circumstances—to divulge to her lover that I know about them, and especially not that our sex life has been booming since the discovery. She doesn't want to hurt his pride, so she lets him see himself as the super-lover who satisfies somebody's frustrated wife. He thinks he's the real macho man and that she loves only him. My wife enjoys the pleasure of having two men craving her affections on a daily basis. And as for me, it is enormously exciting to know that my wife is twice as hot as she has ever been, fulfilling all my desires and even adding some extra spice to my previously rather conventional attitude toward sex.

Please don't think of our lifestyle as sinful or immoral. But as I believe that you are a very experienced lady yourself, I am sure you can find yourself sympathetic to our situation.—O. A.

I loved your letter and certainly did not consider it morally offensive—quite the contrary. The situation you describe is so intriguing that I want to share it with my readers.

I suppose that nothing is as mouth-watering as forbidden fruit. I am sure that one of the reasons you now like to read *Penthouse* so avidly is because it stands for a liberal approach to sex and life that seems to have been against your upbringing. If you had been caught reading *Penthouse*, you would have been like a little boy with his hand in the cookie jar.

But then there was the revelation that your wife has a secret lover who's able to give her something more than what she had been getting from her daily sex with you. Don't you think that part of her pleasure came from the fact that it was verboten?

What makes your situation worthy of being a theme for a play or movie is that you have turned the tables on the unknown lover. Instead of the wife deceiving the husband with the lover, she now deceives the lover with the husband. And it must be tremendous fun

for your wife: She has the thrill of cheating on both of you!

But is there not another dimension to your pleasure? Now you are able to dictate to your wife that she must provide you with the same services that she offers to her lover. Not only does that give you a sense of power over her—you are the one who can call the shots for all three of you—but it also has given you an insight into a wider sexual experience than you had previously enjoyed.

You have been able to profit from a proxy sex-education course. In addition, there is the turn-on you get from taking your wife when she comes straight from her lover, smelling and tasting of him. So not only do you share your wife with her lover, she is actually sharing her lover with you. I guess that all three of you are having a good time and should go on as long as at least one of you is being deceived.

Contrary to popular belief, quality sex is not necessarily doing what comes naturally; it has to be studied, practiced, and learned.

CONCENTRATION

I am a 19-year-old male with a problem. I'm in an intimate relationship and plan to get married to this woman someday.

*I was reading a letter in your column in the February 1987 issue of *Penthouse*. The writer talked about how he came almost instantly during sex. I have the opposite problem. Referring to your answer to him, I "get stuck in the tunnel of love" for 30 to 40 minutes at a time before I come and sometimes don't come at all.*

Most of the time a fantasy will work, but other times I can't concentrate long enough for my imagination to help. My girlfriend rarely comes during foreplay, and usually only once during sex. Sometimes I feel like a steam locomotive pounding on her kidneys or a machine punching holes in aluminum. During some of our sessions, she asks me to get off because she feels like an exercise bike, and I have to masturbate out of total frustration.

I also can't concentrate enough to come when she gives me a blowjob or a hand job. What is my problem? How do I solve it?—T. H.

Like many of my aspirant pen pals, you have answered your own question. Since puberty, you probably have been sitting in schoolrooms thinking about something other than the subject being taught, and now that you've graduated to the school of life, you can't concentrate hard enough on your girl to achieve an orgasm.

Contrary to popular belief, quality sex is not necessarily doing what comes naturally; it has to be studied, practiced, and learned. A friend of mine in Los Angeles makes X-rated movies. He is conscientious and has good taste, and therefore has no difficulty marketing his product. Public opinion is so prejudiced, however, that he is subjected to constant harassment from law-enforcement officers, city officials, and social workers, and, as a result, he has to be super careful. If you wanted to appear in one of his films, he would require three separate proofs of identity, and if he found out that you were only 19, he would not use you for fear of being accused of corrupting the morals of a minor.

The same people who cause these hassles think that sex is disgusting, and in order to make it difficult for you, want you to get married before you have intercourse. You seem to be quite prepared to go along with the idea. "I plan to get married to this woman someday," you say. *Why?* You feel like a steam locomotive and she an exercise bicycle, so I suppose that as two members of the world of machinery, you think you were manufactured for each other—but you don't have enough body chemistry or mental affinity to reach an orgasm unless you fantasize. Banging away till you come is not what intercourse is all about.

You are much too young to even contemplate marriage and what you don't know about sexual matters could (and does) fill several shelves in my library.

What you need is experience. Read up on sex, watch videos about it, and get your sweet ass out into the world and practice it. If you are lucky enough to find someone who is your fantasy come true, then you can consider marrying her, but of course she is only going to say yes if you are her fantasy man as well.

STRAIGHT AND NARROW

I'm a 22-year-old housewife who married my high school sweetheart right after graduation. Our marriage was really good until about a year ago. We separated for nine months, but recently we got back together.

I will admit that during our separation I became something of a sexaholic. I kept almost everything from my husband, but he did find out a few choice tidbits. Nothing, however, that we haven't overcome.

Xavier, I enjoy sex with my hus-



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 98

Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir and
Labor party leader Shimon Peres

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band, but during our separation, I met my dream sexual partner. My girlfriend introduced me to Joel at a party.

I found him extremely attractive and, on a dare from my girlfriend, moved in on him. Our chitchat soon became rather sexual, and we headed for the upstairs bedroom. When I got there, I received the surprise and the fucking of my life. Joel possesses the biggest cock I have ever seen. He is much, much larger than my husband.

I have reconciled with my husband and I love him, but I can't stay away from Joel. I find his cock (11 and a half inches) so much of a turn-on that I can't concentrate. What can I do?—S. P.

There are agony columnists whose counseling in your case would be to count yourself lucky that you managed to sow your wild oats and get all that disreputable, adolescent sexuality out of your system without ruining your relationship with the good old faithful hubby, who is now going to be by your side to strengthen your resolve to stick to the straight and narrow... but would you take their advice?

The fact of the matter is that even nine inches of cock is hard to find, so of course, you are not going to let him go.

But what about your husband? It would obviously be very cruel to upset him, especially after so recent a reconciliation. There is also an important psychological factor that you have to take into consideration.

No man, however well- or poorly endowed he may be, likes to hear of the existence of a male with a larger penis than his own. This is why men have invented slightly derogatory phrases for the overly large. "Hung like a horse," "donkey-rigged," and "the meat market" are examples of this aspect of the male inferiority complex.

So although I fully understand that your concentration is affected while thinking about that mega-penis, practice self-control and tell your husband what a wonderful sexual partner he is. You don't have to give up Joel-the-schlong—just keep him a secret. Never mention those extra inches you get tucked under your belt when you can find the time—and the space. O—

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

finally steamed off for the gulf.

The *Del Monte's* cargo, according to marine engineer Pierre Blume, included hundreds of gasoline tankers, two 40-foot containers of grenades, and about 30 flatbed trucks, which were needed to transport the tanks that were waiting for her to arrive in the Saudi port of Dammam.

"About two days out to sea, her boiler gave up and she had to be towed back to Florida," says Blume, who is writing a short story about the fiasco (which was confirmed to us by a Navy official). Blume knows what happened because he helped crew the creaky 23-year-old ship that the Navy chartered from a Puerto Rican company to replace the *Del Monte*.

Locating another vessel, unloading the huge cargo, and reloading it onto the substitute ship took about three weeks, says Blume. "I was told by a platoon leader that this equipment was overdue, and it was vital to the start of the ground war," he says.

At least two other flagships of the Rusty Reserve, as some have nicknamed it, were in such bad shape that the Pentagon gave up and left them at home, while the delays incurred in get-

ting other reserve vessels to sea sometimes ran into months.

Walter Oates, a veteran marine engineer who is with the U.S. Maritime Administration, which manages the reserve fleet, says that many of the boats hadn't been started up in ten years because of a lack of adequate funding. Several recent administrations have contended that they never intended the reserve to carry all the supplies in a foreign emergency. The policy was to call on commercially owned shipping—America's merchant fleet—to ferry the balance.

That's a fleet that has been rapidly shrinking since 1981, when the Reagan administration succeeded in eliminating subsidies to U.S. shipyards. In peacetime, most of our imports and exports are moved by foreign carriers. When the war with Saddam was declared, the Pentagon had to call on these foreigners to help.

"If the majority of the world community hadn't been supporting the U.S. in this war, we wouldn't have been able to use all this foreign shipping. It could have been a catastrophe," says Peter Finnerty, an official with Sea-Land Service, one of the few giant American container companies that were available to provide vessels for the effort.

As it was, the Pakistani and Indian crew of one foreign charter ship re-

fused to go into the war zone, according to the ship broker who'd struck the deal for the Pentagon. Another ship had to be quickly found to pick up the cargo. In a second episode, more than two dozen Muslim seamen jumped ship in California rather than join the supply effort. Other delays occurred when German and Japanese crews demurred at sailing for Saudi Arabia, saying they might get hurt.

American civilian sailors were asked to man the Rusty Reserve's fleet. But unlike Blume, many were reluctant to volunteer. Merchant mariners, unlike reservists, aren't guaranteed their civilian jobs back if they leave to go to war. With many younger sailors refusing to take this risk, older retirees, with no job to jeopardize, often deputized.

President Bush is pushing for legislation to guarantee that sailors will enjoy reemployment rights after military service—and he has put out word that he intends to beef up the Rusty Reserve. To start, he could try to pry loose the whopping \$1.275 billion Congress allotted to the Pentagon months ago to build modern sea lift ships. "Not a dime" of the funds has been used, according to *Marine Log*, a trade journal. The Defense Department has stated that it stashed the money in its piggy bank because the Navy never specifically requested it. **O+**

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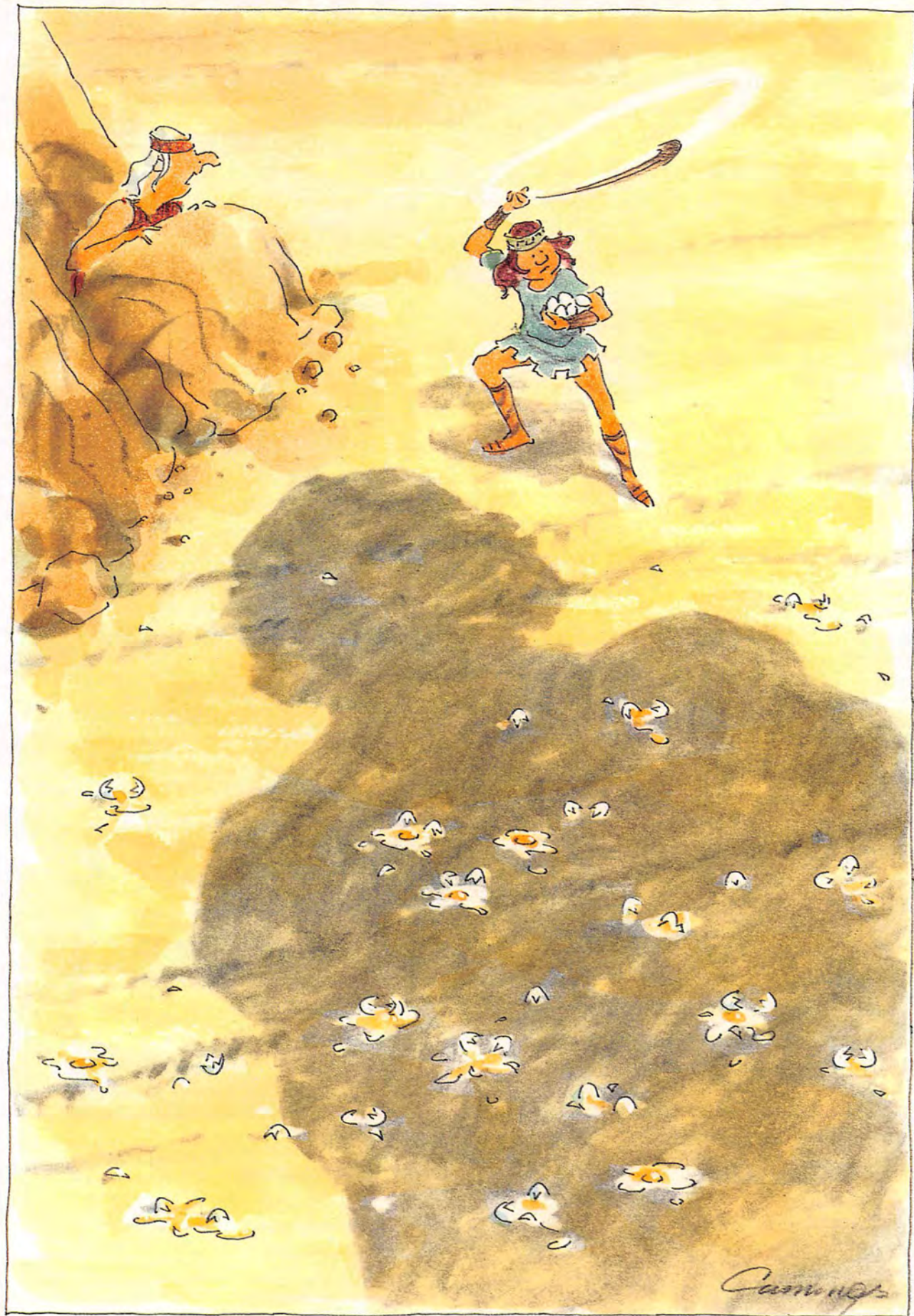
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

Robert right in the eye, I gently kissed the tip of Gary's dick.

Meanwhile, Gary was really working me over. His tongue explored every inch of my pussy, darting in and out of my hole. God, it was incredible! When he took my clit between his lips and began to nibble on it, I thought I would scream. Wanting to pay him back for some of the pleasure he was giving me, I took the tip of his cock inside my mouth and began to suck on it. This drove Gary wild. He thrust his hips up off the bed, ramming his prick down my throat. I thought I was going to gag, but there was no way I was going to stop—now not!

I was so engrossed in giving Gary head that I didn't even notice Robert taking his clothes off. When I finally looked up, he was sitting stark naked in a chair, smiling at me. I looked at his lap and could hardly believe my eyes. Pointing straight up at the ceiling was the largest cock I'd ever seen. It must have been nine inches long, maybe more. And thick, too! Robert could hardly get his hand around it.

I wanted to admire that magnificent tool, but Gary sat up and asked me to turn around. What could I do? I didn't want to disappoint my husband. Taking

my eyes off Robert, I let Gary guide me into a new position. This time he was lying on his back with me kneeling between his legs. Leaning forward to give him head once again, I realized that Robert had a perfect view of my ass—and that my wet slit was an open invitation.

I didn't even feel Robert climb onto the bed until he grabbed me from behind and shoved his massive cock inside me. I must have let out a little cry of surprise, because Gary stroked my hair and whispered, "Don't be scared of him—he won't hurt you. Doesn't his cock feel good?" I could only nod, although good was an understatement. It felt fucking fantastic!

Gary held me in his arms while Robert fucked me from behind. We had to start slowly, on account of his cock being so big, but I quickly got used to it. After only a few moments, he was able to slam his meat into me as hard as he wanted.

It was like a dream come true. I had two cocks to play with and two men who knew how to use them. We must have tried 50 different positions before Gary finally said, "I think she's about ready. Let me show you what she likes best."

With that Gary stretched out flat on his back and pointed to his cock. It was standing straight up in the air and I knew exactly what he wanted me to do with it. Spreading my legs, I climbed on top of him. I held my breath as he grabbed my ass and pulled me down on his stiff dick. Instantly, waves of pleasure raced through my body. Gary was right—this was what I liked best.

While Gary fucked me, Robert fondled my tits. He ran his fingers all over them, drawing little circles around my nipples. Every now and then, he leaned forward and put one of them in his mouth. All of this was more than I could stand—I had to come. Grabbing Robert's hand, I made him finger my clit while I bounced up and down on Gary's pole. I could feel a familiar pressure building between my legs and that great electric rush that comes right before orgasm.

Just then Gary came, shooting his load deep inside my cunt. I threw my head back and screamed, experiencing one of the most intense orgasms I'd ever felt. It seemed to last all night. When the ecstasy finally subsided, I fell back onto the bed. I was almost too weak to move, but I knew there was still one piece of unfinished business. Our guest.

"Your turn," I said, spreading my legs. "You don't mind doing it in front of my husband, do you?" Robert just smiled. "Your wife has fantastic tits," he said, looking at Gary. "I'd give almost anything to fuck them."

"Go ahead," Gary replied. "I bet she'd like that."

He was right. Lying on my back, I watched Robert straddle my chest. He slipped his cock between my tits and squeezed them together. I tilted my head forward so that I could watch him fuck my tits. Each stroke started in the middle of my chest and wound up just under my chin. Opening my mouth, I teased the tip of his cock with my tongue. He closed his eyes, barely stifling a moan.

We kept this up for several minutes. I could tell he wanted to come, but he was holding back for my sake. He kept pumping my tits, working himself into a frenzy. I took his cock in my mouth each time it came near my face.

Just when I thought he would keep going all night, he got up on his knees and began to jerk himself off. I wrapped my arms around his waist and pulled him closer, just in time for huge globs of come to spray all over my chest. I opened my mouth wide, trying to catch as much of the stray paste as I could. He tasted so good.

When he was done, he tried to pull away, but I wouldn't let him. Grabbing his cock, I put it back in my mouth, sucking up the last of his come. I didn't want to miss a drop.

Afterward, we lay down together and fell asleep in one another's arms. That was almost a year ago. I wonder what Gary has in store for me this year.—
Name and address withheld



**SHIFT TO
OUR STICK**

HOT-TUB TANGO

While I was working construction at a large ski resort last fall, I had an experience that I thought was worthy of your magazine. It was just after the long Thanksgiving weekend and I decided to get up to work a day early. We had been working on a chalet that was near completion, and a day of lounging in a partially furnished house with a hot tub sounded like just what the doctor ordered. On the way there, I stocked up at the liquor store, then stopped at the local stable where my foreman's girlfriend works. We had talked before, but the idea of fucking this raven-haired goddess seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

After some small talk, Angie said that she had to take a group of tourists out on a one-hour trail ride, asking me if I wanted to go along. Of course I did. I had not been on the back of a horse in more than a year, and after the ride my ass was sore. I told Angie that I was going to the chalet to soak in the hot tub and invited her to come over after work. She readily agreed.

Once I got to the house, I put some wine and beer in the fridge to cool and sat down in front of the TV to wait for her. When she arrived, I let her in, sat her on the couch, got her a drink, and went to check on the temperature of the water. It was ready, so we changed into our suits, paused to grab a bottle of wine, and headed for the tub.

After about five minutes of soaking, talking, and laughing, I felt a foot on my thigh, slowly working its way higher. When it reached my groin, Angie sighed, "I'm so lonely—my boyfriend is away working all the time."

My cock swelled to its full length in my shorts. With the stimulation of the warm water jets and that beautiful foot, it took all my restraint not to fuck her right there and then. She removed her bikini, allowing me free access to her wonderful tits and closely trimmed pussy. I ripped my shorts off, letting my dong swing free.

Starting at her neck, I slowly kissed my way down her well-tanned body, pausing at those beautiful tits to nibble and suck her silver-dollar-sized areolae until her nipples stood at attention like pencil erasers. I moved down to her navel as she arched her back, and then worked my way to her sweet-smelling mound. I put my hands under her ass, holding her on top of the water, and dove in with great gusto, licking and sucking her until she had a shuddering orgasm. It was so intense that I had to support her firm behind with both hands when she screamed with pleasure, driving my face deeper into her sopping cunt.

As Angie's quivering subsided, I rose to give her a long, lingering kiss, at the same time teasing her swollen hole with my dick, allowing just the tip

to disappear before withdrawing until it slipped out of her well-lubricated tunnel. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She grabbed my ass, forcing my full eight inches inside, and a low moan escaped her lips. Slowly at first, but with an increasing tempo, I drove my dick in again and again until our love-making reached a frenzied pace. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer myself. With one more deep thrust and a primal growl, I was consumed by the most intense orgasm of my life.

Taking a sip of wine, Angie eased off and sat beside me. We enjoyed the afterglow, the wine, and each other. She stroked me back to life, then told me to sit on the edge of the tub. She engulfed me with her sensuous mouth, taking in my whole length by applying some hard suction. This sensation, coupled with the sight of her hair spilling over my loins, was almost all I could take. With one last lick, she stood and

“
Slowly, I pull
down my panties and play
with my pubic hair.
A light touch, then a quick
dart down into
the waiting pool of come.”

turned around, her back to me. She put her hands on the edge of the tub, giving me a wonderful view of her ass and slit. With her legs spread, she looked over her shoulder and purred, "Take me from behind, baby."

I needed no further encouragement, and entered her with one stroke. This time our lovemaking was less frenzied. I watched my dick disappearing into her hole time after time. Soon her moans became louder and more urgent. When she said, "Come with me, baby. Come with me," it was all I needed. I throbbed and gushed with my second orgasm of the night.

By now it was pretty late, so I asked her to sleep over, and she agreed. I took her hand and led her upstairs to the master bedroom and bath. Angie gasped when we entered the bathroom—all the walls were covered with mirrors and the oversized tub was oval. Once in the shower, we soaped each other up.

The water pelting down my back and the vision before me made my desire even more intense. Angie sat on the edge of the tub, her legs resting on ei-

ther side, and cooed, "Give me face." Obliging, I knelt between her legs and licked her inner thigh, slowly moving toward her sex. With wide strokes I lapped at her wetness, my nose full of her scent, as she rocked with orgasm after orgasm. We rinsed off and I led her to the bedroom, where we spent the rest of the night in each other's arms.

Since then, Angie broke up with my foreman and I quit the company. We are now living together, very happy and content.—*Name and address withheld*

AFTERNOON DELIGHT

There is just something about the time between two and three in the afternoon. My youngest child is asleep, and the other doesn't get home from school until four. It's the only time all day that I really am alone, and I always look forward to it. At least once a week, I take the time just for myself. A time to relieve the stress of the normal day.

I usually begin by removing almost all of my clothes, leaving on my sexy underwear. Today it's a lace panty that lets my pubic hair poke through and a white satin bra with underwiring to keep my large, round breasts secure. Many a man has fallen under the spell of my breasts, and I, too, enjoy their shape.

I like to stand in front of the mirror and just look at myself in these undergarments. I think of the many men over the years who have undressed me with their eyes. As I imagine them staring at me through the mirror, I can feel my body's desire begin to build. I slowly turn and look at my profile. All the workouts and dieting have led to an almost perfect form. I know it turns men on, and it also turns *me* on.

I like to let the feeling of arousal build before I even touch my skin. Before too long, though, I can see moisture building between my legs. Just a dab of the juices has escaped and dampened my silky underwear, but it reveals the depth of my excitement. I want to feel it between my fingers, but I wait. I back up toward the bed and lie back on the downy softness. My mind now wanders to the realm of fantasy. Passing through are men's bodies and the many feelings of sex. My hands begin to roam about my flesh, sending delicate sensations to my waiting mind.

My breasts feel full and soft. They want to poke out from their satin cover, so I release the catch and they bounce free. I encircle the nipples, lightly pinching them and sighing at the sensation. Now my hands caress my sides, tingling and tickling their way down to my inner thighs. All the while my mind travels through my stable of fantasies.

Slowly, I pull down my panties and play with my pubic hair. A light touch, then a quick dart down into the waiting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 155

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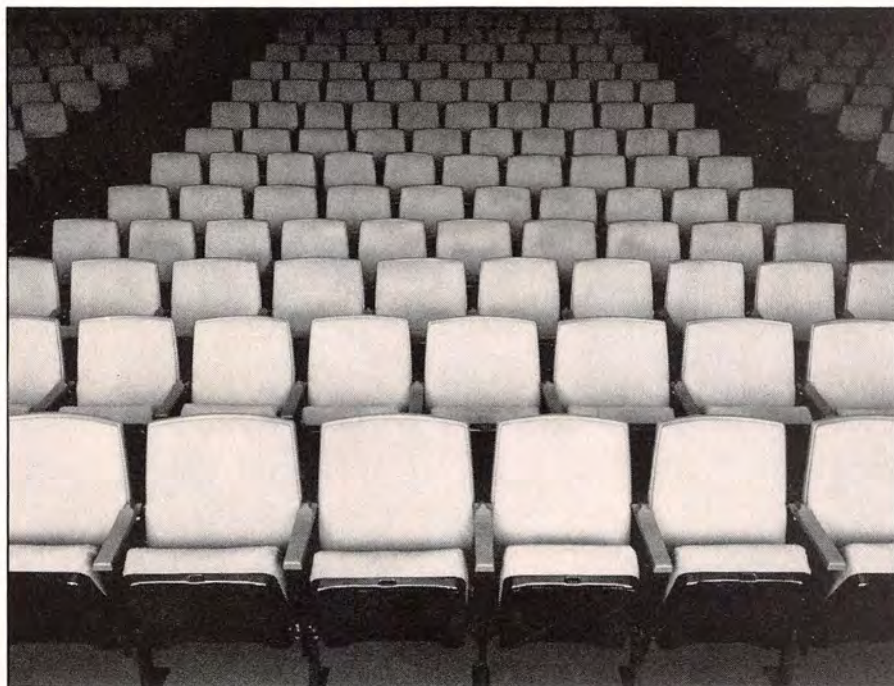
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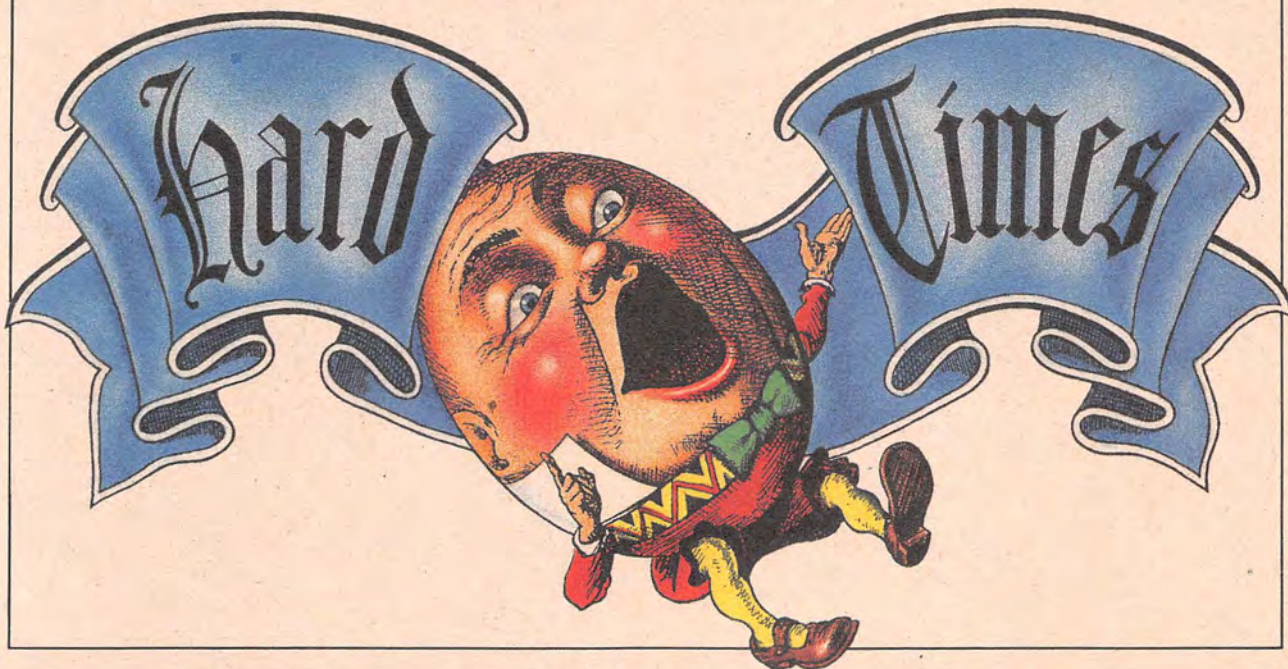


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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 10, NO. 6



JIMMY HOFFA EATEN BY ALIENS

Flesh-eating monsters from outer space abducted labor leader Jimmy Hoffa from the parking lot of a Detroit restaurant and ate him. That's what one respected UFO expert claims. "Jimmy Hoffa was definitely snatched by beings from other planets who killed and ate him," says the expert. "He was an especially attractive target because he was stocky [and had] a lot of meat

on him." The expert says that over 150,000 humans are snatched and eaten by aliens every year, but the usual main courses are African Bushmen, winos, and junkies. The abduction of a prominent man like Hoffa was an alien mistake pulled off by a teenage E.T. "The teenager was punished," adds the expert. (Sun) This is how CBS is really going to deal with Delta Burke.—Editor



BERMUDA TRIANGLE BARHOPPERS

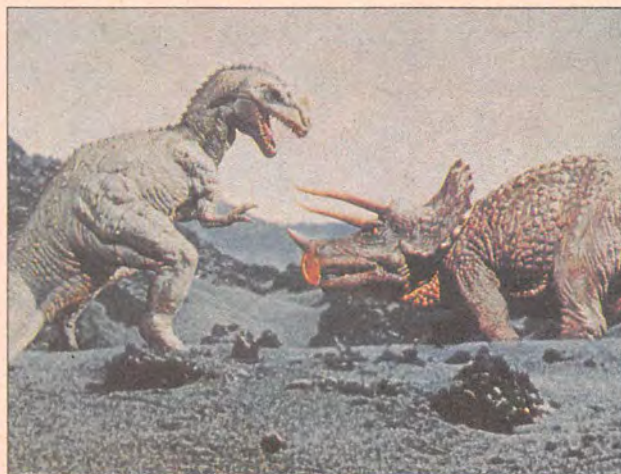
Men have been disappearing while walking from one tavern to another in an area of Miami where the Bermuda Triangle is believed to begin. The men disappear for several days, then return. Said one barhopper, "It's happened to me several times. It's eerie! One minute you're walking between bars, and the

next thing you know, it's days later and you're someplace else." One Miami man remembers feeling the earth starting to spin, then being sucked down into a hole. "When I came to, it was two days later and I was in Detroit." (*National Examiner*) Well, he could have wound up in Philadelphia.—Editor

FORD PICKUP ORBITS EARTH

The crew of a recent space-shuttle mission discovered a 1988 Ford pickup truck with Alabama license plates orbiting the earth. Although NASA is keeping this automobile action a top secret, a British space expert has decided to come clean. He claims that one of the American astronauts space-walked up to the truck and looked inside. "There was no human body in the truck," the Brit says, "but there were several empty beer cans, a couple of crumpled-up ciga-

rette packs, and what appeared to be a .22-caliber hunting rifle." The informant also maintains that the truck's motor was still running. He adds, "A preliminary investigation shows [that] the owner vanished while possum hunting two years ago. His name—like the entire case—is being kept under wraps. It's being treated as an alien abduction." (*Sun*—submitted by Ronald Gillespie, Angola, La.) Perhaps it was Jimmy Hoffa's truck.—Editor



DINOSAURS STILL WALK THE EARTH

An area in the darkest part of the Bornean jungle is inhabited by monster dinosaurs. Although the reptiles have been believed dead for millions of years, a Swiss zoologist made the awesome discovery that they do, in fact, live. "It was like stepping instantly into the beginning of life on earth," says the dazzled dino-fan. "We saw with our own eyes the

creatures that ruled the earth long before man. The most incredible creatures [are] living and breathing in the twentieth century." The zoologist also claims that a living, two-foot-long lizardlike specimen bit off three fingers of one of the investigating scientists. (*Weekly World News*) And Jim Morrison is their king.—Editor



CAT SPITS FUR BALLS OF FIRE

A three-year-old cat is terrorizing its owner because it keeps coughing up flaming hair balls. In fact, the fiery feline torched its owner's house three times in one week, setting the carpet, curtains, and sofa afire. At first no one knew why the house kept catching on fire, but the cause was discovered one evening as the owner watched TV. "Fluffy looked up at me with [those] beautiful green eyes and spit a flaming hair ball smack into my lap," says the owner of the pyrotechnic pussy. Doctors believe that the cat may have swallowed some toxic chemicals. (*Weekly World News*—submitted by Michael Leslie, Greensboro, N.C.) Or it could be a cat out of hell.—Editor



BLOWS NOSE IN COP'S FOOD

A Phoenix cop ordered a hamburger from a fast-food joint's drive-through window, took three bites from his order, and noticed "nasal mucus" on his hands and around his mouth. A spokesman for the police-man offered this statement: "It was a repugnant act." No shit.

The employee who allegedly blew his nose in the burger was found, arrested, and charged with adulteration of food. (*Arizona Republic Valley & State*—submitted by Earl Younker, Chandler, Ariz.) This guy should work for Booger King.—Editor

ELVIS LIVES IN CASH REGISTER

Well, Elvis has turned up again. Now it's in the change drawer of a cash register in New York City. "The King is definitely haunting my cash register," says the store's owner. Every afternoon at two o'clock, Elvis begins crooning "Love Me Tender" from inside the register, which has been inspected for speakers, but none could be found. Apparently, Elvis has been living inside the register since December 1990. (*National Examiner*—submitted by Stanley Crosby, Florence, Ariz.) We always knew it was legal tender Elvis loved.—Editor



DAMNED BUREAUCRATS!

Civil servants beware! A government building in Granada, Spain, has been inundated by ghostly apparitions and horrifying, bloodcurdling screams since construction workers unearthed over 100 human skeletons. One haunted typewriter even tapped out a plea for help. "It wasn't even plugged in," reports a frightened witness. "After about 30 seconds, the typing stopped. I took the paper out. On the bottom was a chilling message: 'We can't sleep. The pain keeps us awake. Help us rest. We wander in agony. The pain never stops.'" (*National Enquirer*) But their typing speed is awesome.—Editor

MAN GROWS PLANT IN PENIS

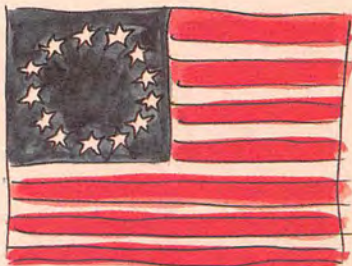
On the advice of a friend, an 82-year-old blind man shoved a dry kidney bean up his penis in an effort to cure a urinary problem. Told to replace the bean every 24 hours for the maximum benefits, the man accidentally shoved it farther up his urinary tract, where it remained for several days. Unable to urinate, the man's penis grew to giant dimensions, and the bean miraculously began to sprout. Doctors had to surgically remove the flourishing plant. (*Los Angeles Times*—submitted by M. Johnson, Phoenix, Ariz.) He should've jacked off his beanstalk.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE

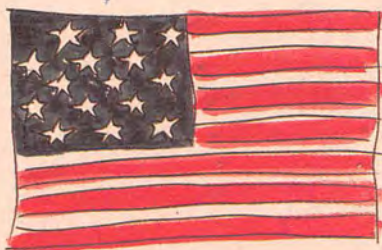
We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

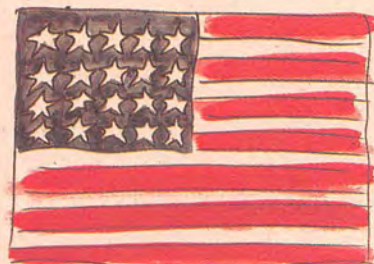
BY EDWARD SOREL



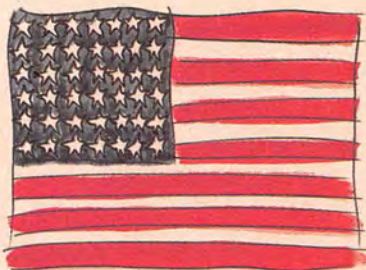
ONCE FREE OF ENGLAND'S OPPRESSIVE REGULATIONS, THE COLONISTS WASTED NO TIME IN BRINGING MORE AND MORE SLAVES INTO AMERICA.



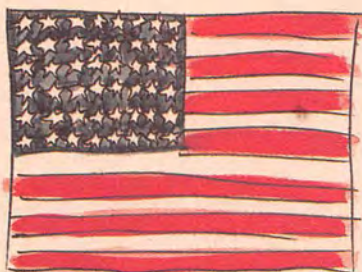
THEN WITH GOOD OLD AMERICAN "KNOW-HOW," THEY BROKE ALL TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS AND BEGAN PUSHING THEM FURTHER AND FURTHER WEST.



THE INDIANS THAT WEREN'T KILLED WERE THEN IMPRISONED ON RESERVATIONS, LEAVING THE ARMY FREE TO USE ITS GUNS ON MEXICANS, FILIPINOS, AND NICARAGUANS.



RETURNING TO THE STATES THE ARMY THEN CAME TO THE RESCUE OF HARD-WORKING INDUSTRIALISTS WHO WERE BEING THREATENED BY MONEY-MAD STRIKERS.



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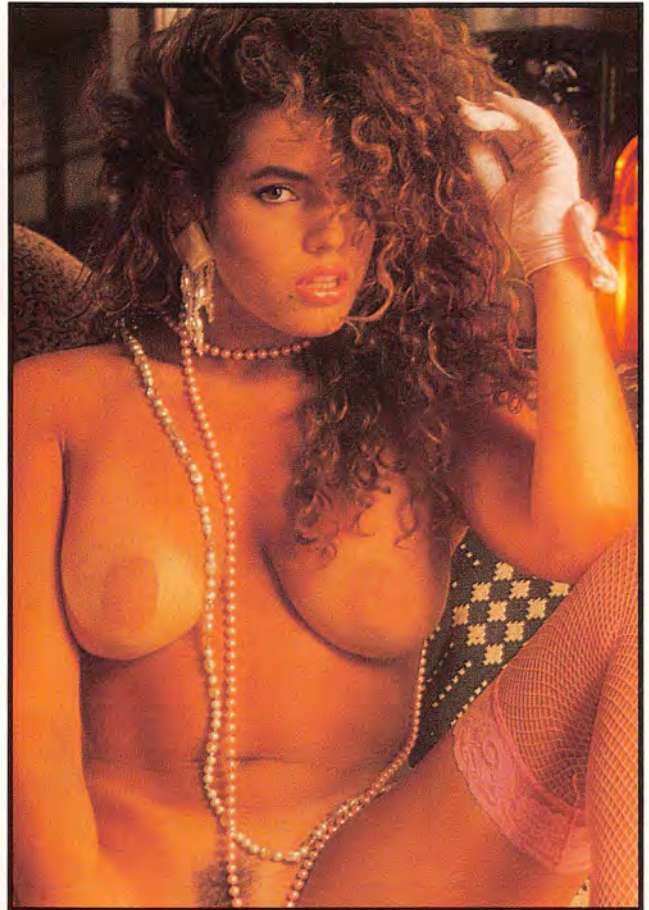
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☐ LICK IT
☐ CUM CRAZY
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☐ QUICK LICKS
☐ OILED ORGASMS
☐ ENDLESS ORGIES
☐ SIT ON MY FACE
☐ EBONY HUMPHERS
☐ CUNT TO CUNT
☐ SLOPPY SECONDS
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☐ DEEP TIT
☐ 24HR ORGY
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☐ LICK MY CUNT
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☐ WILD THINGS
☐ INSATIABLE WIVES
☐ COCKSUCKER
☐ STICK IT
☐ BOTTOMS UP
☐ HEAD NURSE
☐ FUCKING AROUND
☐ HEAD SUCK
☐ PINK PUSSIES
☐ JUG QUEEN



☐ LOADED UP
☐ IN TOUCH
☐ WICKED WOMEN
☐ KING DONG
☐ STIFF STUFF
☐ HUNG GUNS
☐ EAT MY ASS
☐ BEN WAH BALLS
☐ GET THE SHAFT
☐ CUM SPOTS
☐ BEAVER CRAM
☐ NUT SUCK
☐ BI-WAYS
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☐ CUM AGAIN
☐ BUN BUSTERS
☐ CORNHOLE
☐ SWEET CUNTS
☐ LICKED N' DICKED
☐ GOOD HEAD
☐ SUCK SLAVE
☐ COCK STUFFED SLUTS
☐ CREAM ON ME
☐ NASTY HABITS
☐ HOT SLOT
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☐ MAN HUNGRY
☐ BALLS A FIRE
☐ SPERMATHON
☐ EAGER BEAVER

☐ TIT INVADERS
☐ LAY ME
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☐ CUM-PANIONS
☐ BLOW ME DOWN
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☐ FUCKFEST
☐ DOMINATE ME
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☐ MOCHA MUFF
☐ CLOSE SHAVE
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☐ LUBE JOB
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☐ BLACK COCK
☐ WEIGH LAID
☐ PANTYFEST
☐ JUG PLUG
☐ BALD BEAVER
☐ SLOW N' EASY

☐ UP ALL NIGHT
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☐ TAKE THE PLUNGE
☐ GOOEY WADS
☐ BUTT SLAM
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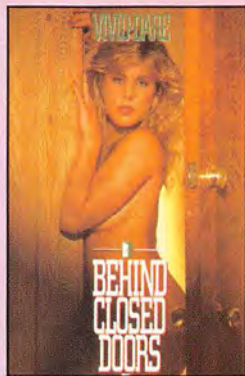
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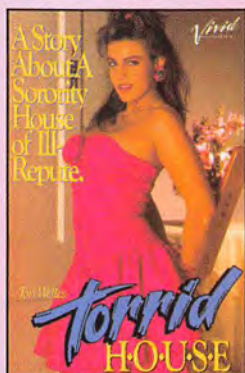
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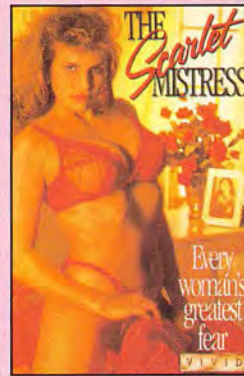
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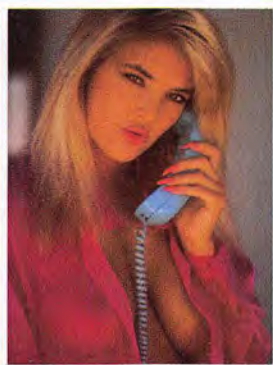
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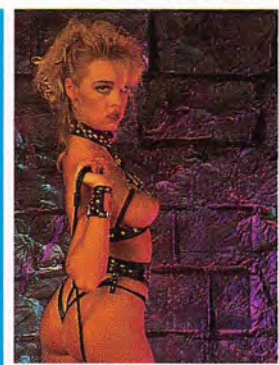


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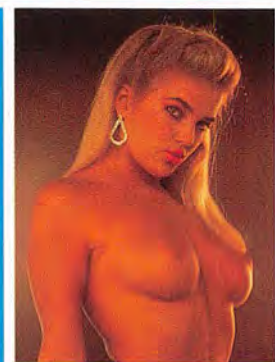
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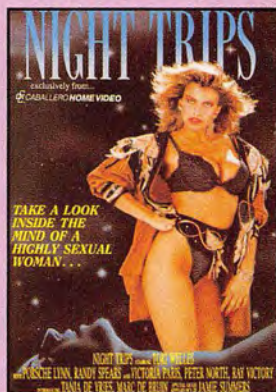
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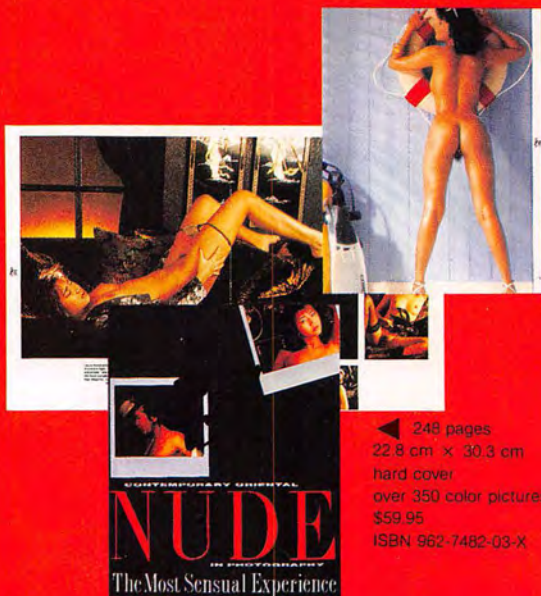
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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

pool of come. I can feel it between my fingers—finally. It's hot and smooth, flowing more freely with each sweep of my fingers over my growing clitoris. My fingers stay there, caressing my clit as it hardens.

With each second it grows, and touching brings more and more fantasies to my mind. My other hand returns to my breasts, and the combination of touching sensations and wild thoughts begins to build up inside me. The fantasies begin to race before me, just a collage of memories and thoughts. My lust reaches a point where there is no turning back.

My hand begins to work faster between my legs. The pressure is increased, the sensation doubles. Instinctively, I begin to moan out loud. The wetness on my hand drives me wild. I vocalize, "Ah, I'm going to come." My clit is so stiff as I use all my fingers to brush it over and over and over. Deep within me there is a peak, a release. I scream with pleasure. And down there my cunt begins to throb with orgasm. —
Name and address withheld

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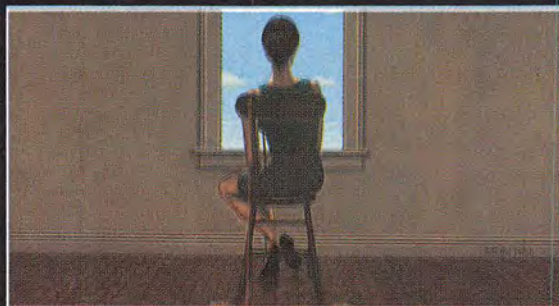
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DOUBLE TROUBLE

Called an "economic pornographer" by one congressman, Charles Keating was a man consumed by two obsessions: He loved to make money in large quantities by almost any means . . . and he was fixated on "pornography," or the depiction of anything sexual. Keating has been accused of (1) allegedly looting an S & L, (2) allegedly defrauding 20,000 mostly elderly investors of \$250 million of their life savings, and (3) allegedly corrupting public officials to keep federal regulators off his back. But almost forgotten is his second career as an "anti-pornography" crusader. This investigative article, by L. J. Davis, one of America's leading financial reporters, raises the very real question that Keating's war on pornography had more to do with money than with morality.



MY WIFE'S BREAST CANCER

In a harrowing and moving article, Laurence Gonzales takes us on a personal journey through hell. "In those days," he writes, "my wife Carolyn and I were always in small rooms, like prison cells, and I always found myself sitting down, watching Carolyn change from her own clothes into a paper gown. . . . The doctor talked about the possibility that her illness was, actually, a carcinosarcoma instead of what we had originally thought she had, which was merely a more aggressive kind of breast cancer called metaplastic carcinoma. 'It's very rare,' the doctor said. *Very rare*, like very interesting, was something Carolyn did not want to be.' You will never forget this article.



THE MOST DISGUSTING CULT OF ALL

Reporter Shaun Assael describes the incredible and bizarre world of "infantilists," who derive sexual gratification watching children and one another defecate. Discovered as a result of a federal investigation into child pornography, this group of weirdos is a cult made up of pen pals who trade stories about their fantasies. Usually, these fantasies deal with the author's desire to be babied or to witness young boys defecating in sexually dominant situations. But, law enforcers have also determined, these men—who are often middle-class professionals—also pose a very real danger to unsuspecting parents.



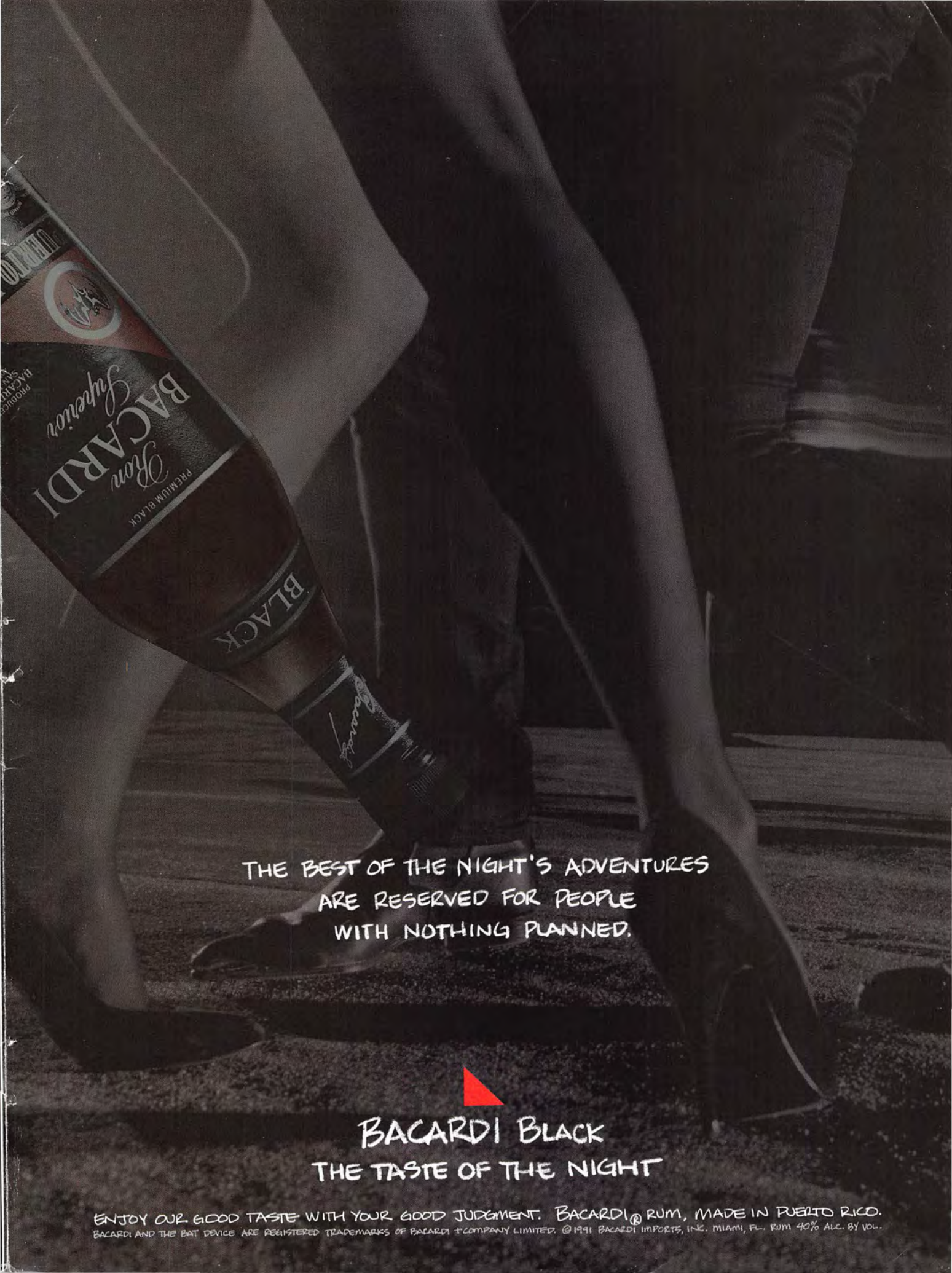
WERE THERE MOLES IN THE C.I.A.?

Investigative reporter Tad Szulc provides an exclusive insight into what the C.I.A. has learned from the supersecret files that were maintained by the former Communist nations in the Warsaw Pact. According to his sources, the agency has discovered that over the years C.I.A. agents—locally recruited individuals controlled by deep-cover agency "case officers"—were frequently "turned around" by Communist counterintelligence. The implications of this information on future U.S. operations—especially in the extremely unstable world that has resulted from the fall of Communism and the Persian Gulf War—cannot be overstated.



DEFENDING AMERICAN PSYCHO

Bret Easton Ellis's novel *American Psycho* has been the most controversial and maligned book to be published in recent years. Assailed by feminists, editorial writers, publishing executives, and bookstore owners, the novel's young author has been the focus of a McCarthy-like campaign of personal and professional vilification. Next month attorney Daniel J. Kornstein, vice-president of the Law and Humanities Institute, discusses the reality of *American Psycho* (as opposed to its media myth) and also explores the dangers of enforcing "politically correct thinking" at the expense of artistic freedom.



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